

# Catholic Digest

*Father Joseph Newacker*  
**25¢**

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 9

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

I will make an everlasting covenant with them, and will not cease to do them good, and I will give My fear in their heart, that they may not revolt from Me. And I will rejoice over them when I shall do them good with My whole Heart, that they may not revolt from Me.

From Matins of the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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## The World-Wide News Cartel

By JAMES G. MURTAUGH

Suppression and distortion

Condensed from the *Advocate*\*

The space between the first World War and the present struggle, the 1920's and the late 1930's, was pre-eminently the greatest news-agency epoch. The vast development and extension of telegraph, cable, and radio and the spread of popular journalism called for faster news services blanketing the entire globe. But the journalist's dream of a free exchange of information, leading to a greater understanding and happier relations between peoples, was never to be realized.

The reason was that in 1870 three great news agencies had pooled their resources and established the most powerful cartel the world has ever known. They were Reuters of England, Havas of France, and Wolff of Germany. The three institutions grew up independently of newspapers. Reuters was originally a small business, sending market data and government messages between capitals. When the

telegraph and cable came into being, Baron Paul Julius de Reuter succeeded in selling foreign news to London newspapers. During the Victorian era, Reuters grew to mammoth proportions and prestige, with a world-wide network of cables. Meanwhile, the two other similar agencies were established on the continent.

Those European agencies were almost completely subject to their governments, and were semi-officially recognized, operating on the principle, "Tell the news the government's way, and take your profit." While the domestic press of England, France, and Germany was relatively free, their foreign news was not, because of the workings of the cartel.

When Reuters, Havas, and Wolff joined up in 1870, they had almost complete control of international news and split the world up between them into spheres of influence. The line-up

\*143-151 a Beckett St., Melbourne, C. 1, Australia. Feb. 14, 1945.

arranged by the cartel was as follows:

Reuters: England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Australia, India, Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Arabia, Egypt and Sudan, British Africa, Ethiopia, Belgian Congo, Afghanistan, Burma, China, Japan, New Zealand, Netherlands Indies.

Havas: France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, all South America.

Wolff: Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, Austria, the Slavic states. Other countries they shared between them.

An attempt was made at the Versailles Conference to break the Reuters-Havas-Wolff cartel. The story is told by Kent Cooper, of the American Associated Press, in his remarkable book, *Barriers Down: The Story of the News Agency Epoch* (Farrar and Rinehart, New York, 1942). Mr. Cooper had plans for freedom of international news, which were communicated to Colonel House, adviser to President Wilson. But nothing came of it. "Colonel House told me," writes Mr. Cooper, "that the matter had been taken care of privately."

What happened was that Wolff, of the defeated nation, was deprived of its territories, and Reuters and Havas split up its sphere of influence between them. So by 1920 the world news cartel was a bigger monopoly than ever, with Reuters and Havas virtually dominating the world and controlling some 27 news agencies.

The way the news cartel operates to destroy truth is mainly by suppression and emphasis. Truth lies in proportion, but by suppressing certain facts and playing up others, a false picture

of a country or a situation can be created. All the news to and from Reuter's sphere of influence was "processed" in Reuter's clearing house and supplied to Havas, and vice-versa. The way this worked in practice was that news detrimental to England, France (and Germany when Wolff was an equal partner) was suppressed and only news that suited their policy sent out to the world.

A classic example of the working of the cartel, which has caused great bitterness in the U. S., is the picture of America that was spread abroad during the 20's and 30's by Reuters. The Associated Press of America, nonprofit organization cooperatively owned by newspapers, succeeded in making an agreement with Reuters to keep Reuters out of the U. S. The A. P. agreed to take Reuter's dispatches and Reuters agreed to take A. P. dispatches.

But Reuters, the Americans complained, sent only news the British wanted Americans to read, suppressed or doctored A.P. dispatches, and sent out only the American news that the British wanted the outside world to read. (The A. P. actually placed guards in Reuters' offices in an effort to prevent it.) And, of course, Havas, now the sole other partner in the cartel, repeated the slanted American news received from Reuters.

This resulted in what may be called the "gangster era" of American news. Newspapers the world over received American news from the cartel, which built up a picture of America as a land of violence, sudden death, gangster-



ism, and general craziness. The real America seldom emerged. Even today there are Australians who fancy it dangerous to walk in the Chicago loop.

Havas provides an example of the working of the cartel in the field of European news. Havas was not only a news agency but a great advertising agency, with a powerful hold over newspapers. Unless papers took Havas news, they received no advertising. Havas owned or controlled a large group of subsidiaries: it owned Fabra of Spain; a Portuguese agency; half-owned (with Reuters) the main Belgian news agency; and controlled Stefani of Italy. King Albert of the Belgians unsuccessfully tried to break away from the Reuters-Havas domination. So also the Stefani. Havas threatened to withdraw advertising. So Stefani remained a Havas subsidiary, until something worse happened. Mussolini took it over as an official fascist medium.

It is important to recall that the news that flowed from Italy, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, South America, etc., to Havas's headquarters from its subsidiaries was processed, according to French political policy, before being supplied to its partners in the cartel. Until Hitler conquered France, southern European news came from Reuters: Reuters got it from Havas; Havas chose and angled it to its needs.

During the 1930's, France was ruled by left-wing governments, the Socialist and Popular Front, with little sympathy for the Catholic Church. Small wonder, then, that so much European

news had a distinctly anti-Catholic flavor. The wonder is that so much authentic news reached the outside world at all, mainly through other sources.

The Spanish Civil War showed the cartel at work in, perhaps, the greatest conspiracy against truth in the history of journalism. The overwhelming proportion of the news on the Spanish war was funneled from Havas-owned Fabra of Spain, through Havas, under a left-wing government, to Reuters, and so to virtually the entire English-speaking world. (By this time, of course, Hitler had risen to power in Germany and established D.N.B., official nazi agency.)

The whole truth about the Spanish Civil War never reached the outside world through the standard news agencies, because of the Reuters-Havas cartel. The facts that were suppressed or played down by Havas, such as the Red terror, the persecution of the Church, the slaughter of Religious and desecration of shrines, had to be gathered and sent around the world by independent agencies and newspapers, such as the Catholic press.

The present war has brought profound changes in the world-news set-up. Indeed, the struggle had already been joined during the 30's, when Hitler established D. N. B., Mussolini had absorbed Stefani, and the Japanese government controlled Domei, as propaganda agencies. Then began a world-wide struggle between the Reuters-Havas cartel and Germany, Italy, and Japan.

When Hitler conquered France, the

Reuters-Havas cartel was for the moment smashed, for Hitler took over Havas and turned it into a Nazi propaganda bureau. But immediately a strong and efficient "underground press" sprang up to replace Havas. A great deal of the news that Reuters was accustomed to receive from Havas has since come from the French "underground press," and, since the left-wing and the communists dominated its directorship, it is not surprising that the bulk of the continental news we have been and still are receiving is leftist, pro-Russian, anti-Franco, and in general, radical and revolutionary.

During the liberation of Paris, a new agency, Agence Française de Press, was established almost overnight, probably a new name for the underground press. It announced its intention of becoming an independent national agency, with a constitution and bylaws modeled on those of the Associated Press.

Meanwhile, revolution had taken place in Reuters. During the early years of the war, the ownership of Reuters passed into the hands of the Press Association of England, describ-

ing itself as a cooperative enterprise consisting of the associated British newspapers. Actually, the association had acquired stock control in 1925, but the management had been left to Sir Roderick Jones, the successor to Baron Herbert de Reuter, who had committed suicide in 1915. Sir Roderick retired in 1941, for reasons never made public, and since 1942 Reuters has at least ceased to be a private profit-making business dominated by a single man.

The freedom of world news communication will be one of the greatest problems of the peace conference. It remains to be seen whether again "the matter will be taken care of privately." Already preliminary maneuverings are well advanced.

The Catholic reader of the daily press needs to understand these hidden processes behind foreign news and the technique of suppression and emphasis in its handling by the agencies. In news concerning the Catholic Church and Catholic countries, the only sane attitude is one of habitual skepticism and suspended judgment, and thoughtful weekly reading of the Catholic press.



### Sad Apple

A Cardinal at a state dinner was assigned as partner to a young countess who wore an extremely low-cut gown. He showed his displeasure by ignoring her until late in the meal when he peeled an apple and offered it to her. Highly flattered, she gushed, "I do so thank your Eminence. To what do I owe this gracious attention?"

Hardly noticing her, the Cardinal replied, "After Eve ate the apple she realized how little clothing she had on. I thought it might do the same for you."

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (31 March '45).

# The Pro Deo Movement

By ANNA M. BRADY

Spiritually clarifying news

Condensed from *St. Joseph Lilies*\*

**New conditions** create new needs. It is no longer enough to preach in the churches, for not only in mission countries but also at home more persons are to be found outdoors than in. Priests in many countries have returned to "the highways and byways" to preach the truths of God. This work has been augmented by the teaching of dogmatic truths on street corners and in market places by laymen and women. Still this is not enough—for there are more persons who pass by than stop to listen. Men are seeking God, but have lost the knowledge that the best way to find Him is to go where He is. To help them find the way again the Pro Deo movement came into being. Pro Deo, in its present form, had its beginnings in Portugal, where in July, 1940, under leadership of Father Felix Morlion, O.P., the Center of Information Pro Deo (CIP) was founded for the "development of the Pro Deo movement for the penetration of religious ideas into public opinion." Its roots, through the person of Father Morlion, extended back ten years through two apostolic works in Belgium and Holland. Father Morlion was the founder of a series of services for the penetration of religious ideas into public opinion: DOCIP, a press service on film topics (1931); the Catholic Press Central, an agency for research and news distribu-

tion (1934); the Catholic Propaganda Center (1938), for a direct religious approach to the masses through leaflets, booklets, meetings, plays, etc.

The last two services were united with the movement, Offensive for God, in Belgium. Through an agreement in March, 1937, they became linked with the Netherlands Catholic Press Center of Breda and the Action for God movement, which were under direction of Dr. Hein Hoeben, Dutch journalist who had been confirmed as general secretary of the permanent committee at the Vatican Press conference in September, 1936. Exceptionally authoritative information on Nazi Germany, obtained uncensored, made the service highly influential and aroused the wrath of Goebbels and the Gestapo.

With the Nazi invasion on May 10, 1940, this work was seriously disrupted but not destroyed. Father Morlion, in agreement with Dr. Hoeben, decided to carry on. He had escaped Brussels on the last train to leave before the train bridge was blown up, and, with the aid of some Belgians, re-established a limited service at Poitiers, France. This effort was short-lived, disrupted by the fall of France. Before France capitulated, however, Dr. Hoeben wrote Father Morlion that he was able to do nothing, and turned over to him all responsibility.

\*St. Joseph's College, Toronto, 5, Ont., Canada. March, 1945.

The services had developed to the point where 1,500 papers in 30 countries were being supplied. While on his way to Paris to discuss the matter with Dr. Hoeben, word came of the imminent fall of France. Father Morlion sent word to Dr. Hoeben to join him in Portugal, then escaped, actually crossing the border into Spain only a few hours before the nazis closed the frontier. But Dr. Hoeben was arrested by the Gestapo. At the end of two years of torture he died in the infamous SS prison at Berlin.

In Lisbon, Father Morlion's task seemed hopeless: collaborators were killed or scattered, news channels disrupted. However, Cardinal Goncales Cerejeira took an active interest, and at his invitation the work was resumed in new form. From the beginning at Lisbon, the principle of lay leadership was practiced. (Direction had been re-assumed by Father Morlion only when war conditions made it impossible for anyone else to carry on).

For nearly a year the work of training a staff was carried on in Lisbon. Contacts were reestablished with those underground elements who had escaped Hitler's vigilance and new channels of information were opened up. A beginning had been made in reestablishing contacts with those in North and South America who had received the former services when, in May, 1941, came the threat that the nazis were going to invade Spain and Portugal. The Cardinal and the Vicar Provincial of his Order, knowing that Father Morlion was on Hitler's "wanted" list, in-

sisted that he seek safety elsewhere.

In June, 1941, he arrived in New York City. Before leaving for Latin America in July, he persuaded my husband and me to undertake the preliminary steps for inaugurating the movement in the Western Hemisphere. Using the materials received from the International Center at Lisbon, we began the work by sending out "introductory bulletins" in September. The news was presented according to the Pro Deo methodology, based on Thomistic principles. The response was immediate and widespread, proving to us that the combined quality of the news itself, plus the formulas used for its presentation, would make up for any personal deficiencies in talent and training. When Father Morlion returned in October we agreed to accept the responsibility on condition that he would remain long enough to give us proper training for so important a task. On Jan. 15, 1942, following a fantastic struggle with a mimeograph, the first regular number of the first American CIP service was issued.

The first service was a semi-monthly newsletter, known as *CIP Correspondence*. From the very beginning it has found warm welcome in diverse circles; its circulation increased rapidly.

Although the history of the movement is in no way exhausted, the time has come to speak of what CIP is actually doing. CIP is a press service with a specific aim: "The penetration of religious ideas into public opinion." CIP works in the field of the press, radio, and film because those are more



responsible than anything else for the ideas now governing the acts of men. The religious press as such is doing a magnificent job, but its work is predicated on an already existing interest in things religious. CIP, on the other hand, seeks to find those who are indifferent toward religion to bring the truths of religion to them. This means that in its press stories it cannot assume that a reader will be interested primarily because the matter under discussion is Catholic, or even religious. It is the aim of CIP to introduce gradually through its news items, articles, and studies, a better understanding of the religious principles which are basic in every department of life. As its motto, CIP has adopted the following from the encyclical *Caritate Christi Compulsi* (1932): "Either for God or against God." That is once more the point at issue, and upon it hangs the fate of the world. For in every department of life, in politics and economics, in the sciences and arts, in the state and domestic life, in East and West—everywhere the same issue arises. Since the press is a common denominator in each field, CIP lays its principal stress on this part of its work.

*CIP Correspondence* is now a weekly service, and has been supplemented by a weekly syndicated column, a daily press service, and a weekly documentation service. The first and last are sold to individuals, the second and third to newspapers and periodicals.

Other approaches have been found to supplement the press services. The *CIP Forum* is a two-way service. For

it combines research, through study, personal interviews, round tables, and forum discussions with the publication of the findings which result. In preparation and presentation of this material such notable authorities as Paul Anderson, Adolph Berle, Jr., Sir Bernard Pares (non-Catholics) and Jacques Maritain, Helen Iswolski, and Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., have participated. One of the important aspects of this work is that it allows practical cooperation between Catholics and non-Catholics, with the aim of making religious motives the strongest force in public life. For these subjects are treated not on the basis of dogma but according to the self-evident truths of natural law concerning rights and duties. One result has been the condensing into 12 theses what seem to be the basic principles held in common by all who favor "government for the people, of the people, by the people" and, at least passively, accept morality and religion as the basis of democracy. The 12 theses were first made available in the *CIP Forum* in May, 1944, under the general title, "The Fundamentals of Democracy."

Much more could be said about how the work has spread to other countries, the reason for insisting that each center use the same techniques, why each country has its own national center, just what the CIP Centers of Action are. Only the bare bones of the movement's history and activities have been given but from them can be envisaged the full body. To the possible question: what does the Church think of this



work, the answer is in the following extract from a letter Father Morlion received from Monsignor Montini, Acting Secretary of State, which not only conveyed the Pope's blessing upon the Pro Deo movement, but added: "Fol-

lowing the audience which he deigned to give you, His Holiness is pleased to attest again the interest he has taken in what you have explained to him about the different activities of the Center of Information Pro Deo."



## Asides

This reborn church would be the Church of the Living God. It would pronounce ordinance, ritual, creed, all nonessential for admission into the Kingdom of God or His Church. A life, not a creed, would be the test.—*John D. Rockefeller, Jr.*

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOUNDER OF CHRISTIANITY (UNCRUCIFIED).

Married: Leopold Stokowski, 58, and Gloria Vanderbilt, 21; also Deems Taylor, 59, and Lucille Watson-Little, 20.

MUSICAL TALENT IS A SPECIAL ABILITY UNRELATED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—*Psychological axiom.*

*Terry and the Pirates* and *Jack Armstrong* yielded time on this network so this United Nations Conference broadcast could be heard.—*Blue Network announcer in San Francisco.*

PATRIOTISM COULD HARDLY GO FURTHER.

The stranglehold which the Roman Catholic hierarchy had and still has over Hollywood is once more proven by the list of Catholic pictures scheduled for production.—*The Masonic Weekly.*

BREAK THAT HOLD. *Going My Way* MADE MONEY.

Human beings half a million years from now will have only four toes, no appendicitis, no sinus trouble, no fallen arches, no hernia, etc.—*Ray Chapman Andrews.*

DO SIT DOWN WHILE YOU'RE WAITING.

The Pope has been pro-Fascist and pro-Nazi since he was elected.—33° *John Cowles.*

BUT NOT BEFORE HIS ELECTION? TCH! TCH!

Nobody relieved of a stomach ache by a radio commercial ever complains about them. Persons who complain about commercials are, as a rule, disgustingly healthy.—*Ralph Smith.*

HEALTHY-MINDED, ANYHOW.

My salary at the moment is \$138,900. I am not writing for posterity or to help humanity. I am writing for coin, sir, and as much as I can get.—*Walter Winchell.*

JUST TRY AND GET THAT SALARY THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

Blondes may look exotic and glamorous, but in intelligence tests they make a poor show. Brunettes in the main have more brains.—*Dr. Reg Armattoo.*

OH! PEROXIDE!

# Taxation Without Attendance

By VICTRICIUS ZACH, O.F.M.Cap.

Condensed from the *Cowl*\*

In equity is justice.

**Catholics** insist on their own schools because they believe a good education requires not only acquisition of knowledge, but also discipline of will and indoctrination of sound moral principles based on religion. Education without religion starves the intellect, heart, and esthetic faculties. In religion, education cannot be neutral; it is either for or against God. The Catholic Church, the divinely appointed custodian of the whole body of revealed religious truth, is charged with teaching it to all men and all nations. To teach it effectively, the Church needs its own schools.

Some insist religion can be supplied on Sundays and by home tutoring. As Monsignor Sheen says, that would make religion a kind of icing on the cake of education. Religion is neither icing, nor raisins thrown into the batter. Religion is the baking powder, which leavens the batter, raises it, and makes it good in God's sight for man.

The Catholic school system in the U.S. is an outstanding educational achievement. It provides religious and secular education for more than 2½ million youth, from kindergarten to university. There are 140 institutions of higher learning for men, 670 academies, 2,000 high schools, 8,000 grade schools, and 300 orphan asylums. Approximately 85,000 teachers are employed in an estimated 12,000 educa-

tional institutions. The daily cost of maintenance and operation is in excess of \$1 million.

Catholics support their own schools. Their generosity relieves the state of a heavy financial burden. Yet the state insists on taxing Catholics for the support of schools they do not attend. Catholics are forced to finance a system of secular education they feel is pedagogically unsound, while at the same time, by financing their own school system, they ease the tax burden of their non-Catholic fellow citizens.

Thus, the state obligates Catholics to taxation without attendance. Indeed, Catholics are, in effect, doubly taxed for the education of their children. The prospect of increased taxation, moreover, aggravates the problem.

Free textbooks, bus transportation, meals for the undernourished, medical and dental services are common in state-supported schools. Are children attending religious schools to be denied these welfare services because of the limited budget of religious schools? Should not those services be provided by the state in a fair and equitable way for all children without exception?

Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical on *The Christian Education of Youth*, stated that Catholics have a right in

\*110 Shonnard Pl., Yonkers, 3, N. Y. April, 1945.

distributive justice to public funds for the support of their schools.

Bishop Karl J. Alter of Toledo expressed the sentiments of the Catholic Church when he stated: "As things stand now a group of religious-minded people suffer discrimination. This is not the characteristic of a democracy, but the inevitable mark of a dictatorship. Citizens should have full freedom of education in a democracy and not merely the specious right to tax themselves double in order to secure educational benefits which their conscience demands."

"It is not true to say that there is no alternative. It is possible for the state to subsidize students rather than schools. There is no inherent reason why the state could not pay out of public taxes the cost of an education no matter where or how obtained, provided it meets the standards set by the state for good citizenship."

A policy similar to Bishop Alter's proposal has long been in vogue in Canada, Scotland, England, and other countries. Evidently the state would

gain financially and in better citizenship by the pursuit of that policy. As Bishop Noll points out: "The state would not be the beneficiary of all the money which Catholics have invested in 10,000 school buildings, because we are assuming that the denominational school building itself would not be erected by the state or by the local school board. We are assuming only that the parish school would be allotted the amount of money per child which the state would be forced to pay if the Catholic child transferred from the parish to the public school."

In Canada, the province of Quebec, predominantly Catholic, supports Protestant schools; the province of Ontario, which is predominantly Protestant, supports Catholic schools.

In insisting on state support of Catholic schools, Catholics do not advocate a union of Church and state. A reasonable amount of state support for the education of Catholic children will no more unite Church and state than the police protection given Catholic children at dangerous traffic intersections.



### Quiet, Please!

Like other aged pastors you may know, this particular priest had learned to drive a car late in life. The question was whether he had ever learned. As he transported the two nuns to the neighboring convent, he deftly and expertly turned the car upside down. He himself was thrown quite clear of the car and stood rather disconsolately on the sidewalk, gazing at the machine, which though upside down was otherwise intact. A truck pulled up and the driver leaped out, yelling, "What the hell happened?"

"Sh-sh-sh!" exclaimed the venerable pastor. "There are ladies underneath."

From the column *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (23 April '45).

# Missionary Among Russians

By EARL J. CURRIVAN

One fold, many rites

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

"Good afternoon, Father!" chirped a pair of youngsters as they merrily swooped down the school steps. The stranger with the Roman collar looked up, smiled, and patting them affectionately, strode on. A minute later, a teenage lad approached the youngsters.

"Hey, youse guys," he challenged. "That guy ain't no Father. He's got three kids!"

"Unfortunately, that lad's attitude," explained Father John H. Ryder, S.J., pastor of St. Andrew's Russian Catholic church, Los Angeles, "is typical of countless thousands of well-meaning Catholics of the Roman rite."

Fingering the pectoral cross which hangs below his black, bushy beard, the tall, ascetic-looking Englishman continued: "Don't get me wrong. I am not advocating a married clergy. But where it does lawfully exist, Roman Catholics should stop being shocked. They should not treat men of God of other rites and their families as Judases."

He poked at the smoldering charcoal in the shiny samovar, a copper percolator, on the table. Then, fumbling around the pantry, he fetched out cups for tea, a jar of Russian cookies, and a lemon, which he promptly sliced. Indicating with his forefinger my place at the table, he bowed his head of long black hair. Saying grace,

he blessed himself from right to left, using thumb, index, and middle finger. Later he pointed out that the uniting of the thumb with the first two fingers symbolizes the Blessed Trinity, while the other two fingers, which rest against the palm, represent the two natures in Christ.

"The Church's other beautiful rites, and there are some fourteen of them, should not be thought less Catholic than the Latin rite. You see, the Catholic Church is the same the world over, that is, the same in faith and morals. Which means that all Catholics regardless of rite, believe the same truths, receive the same sacraments, observe the same moral laws.

"But that doesn't mean the external ceremonies of the Catholic Church are the same. Not by a long shot! For instance, here at St. Andrew's I use the Byzantine rite, offering the Holy Liturgy (Mass) in Slavonic, one of the seven different languages of this rite."

Ushered inside his quaint little chapel, 15 by 45 feet, which is part of his two-story wooden rectory, I soon began to understand what Father Ryder meant when he said the Church isn't the same ceremonially everywhere.

There are no pews, statues, altar rail, nor holy-water font. Instead, I saw numerous icons, flat religious paintings of saints, with vigil lights flickering

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. April, 1945.

before them. I saw two paschal-like candles mounted on bases, surrounded by innumerable thin tapering candles burning before the altar screen, the *iconostasis*.

This screen, with its beautiful icons of our Lord and "All-holy" (Mother of God) and the saints, is the most prominent part of the chapel and an object of great veneration. It is pierced by a central and a right and left door, all of which play important roles in the Holy Liturgy.

"You must be wondering where the altar is?" asked Father Ryder. Striding to the central, or royal doors, he unlocked them and stepped aside.

I saw a simple square table, its sides covered with golden satin. On top stood the tabernacle, a miniature rectangular church with a bulbous dome and Russian cross. Behind it were seven ruby vigil lights on a wooden candelabrum. Over on the left side was an All-holy icon, and on the other, the Russian cross. In the background, overshadowing the sanctuary, hung an oil painting of the Holy Trinity.

"One striking difference in the Byzantine rite," Father Ryder said, as he pointed to the *prothesis*, a small side-table north of the altar, where the bread and wine are prepared, "is the preparation of the species for Holy Liturgy." Father Ryder uses five loaves of leavened bread. From the center of one, he cuts out a cube, marks it with a cross, and while piercing it with the holy lance says prayers in memory of our Lord's passion.

After he incenses the Sacred Gifts,

he covers them with separate veils, praying. Then proceeding out the left door, or little entrance, he incenses the icons throughout the chapel, the servers, the choir, and congregation, after which he enters through the royal doors, where at the altar he begins the Holy Liturgy proper.

"Father, don't you ever get confused between the Roman and Byzantine rites?"

The lean, bearded priest laughed, with a touch of embarrassment. "Not a chance," he replied. "I've never celebrated Mass in the Roman rite. Besides, even if special permission was granted, I wouldn't know how."

Born in 1900, John Ryder enjoyed a normal healthy boyhood in England. In his early adolescence, he was attracted to St. Ignatius. He finally entered the Jesuit novitiate at Roehampton, London. Later, while a scholastic, he became interested in Russia. About this time the Society appealed for volunteers.

"I sent in my name," he confessed. "But nothing came of it."

And so it was that he left Heythrop college and traveled to Rome, wondering if he would ever be a missionary. But he didn't wonder long. No sooner was he launched in his theological studies at the Gregorian university than the word went out for recruits, this time, scholastics. He consulted his Superior General, the late Vladimir Ledochowski, S.J. He was transferred, with four others, to the Russian college and Oriental institute at the Vatican.

There, he met the famed Father



Novikoff, convert and Polish refugee. Under Novikoff he mastered Russian; learned much of social and political conditions in Russia; studied the liturgy of the Byzantine rite, becoming for all time Russian in all things. He was ordained in the Church of St. Anthony the Hermit at the Vatican by Bishop Chernetsky, C.S.S.R., Uniate Bishop of Poland and the Oriental Institute.

After ordination, he completed his tertianship at Ghent, Belgium, and then returned to the Vatican, where he assisted Father Ledit, internationally known authority on communism. Two years later saw him burning with zeal in Estonia, where he labored a year among the Lutherans. The following year, he toured England and Scotland, collecting funds for his lonely mission outpost.

Then in September, 1939, the unexpected happened. The Superior General ordered him to a new foreign mission in the heart of Los Angeles, where there are some 20,000 dissident Orthodox Russians, and 2,000 Molokans, whose great-grandparents broke away from the Catholic Church because at one time they were forbidden the use of milk during Lent.

"My task here," says the missionary, "is not only to gather the 200 or more Uniate families, who, lacking a priest of their own rite, have practically lost all ties with Catholicism, but also to put into action the sentiments of Pope Pius XI, who said, 'Catholics are sometimes lacking in a right appreciation of their separated brethren, and are even wanting in brotherly love, be-

cause they do not realize how much faith, goodness, and Christianity there is in these bodies now separated from age-long Catholic truth. Pieces broken from gold-bearing rock themselves bear gold. The ancient Christian bodies of the East keep so venerable a holiness that they deserve not merely respect but complete sympathy.'"

It is no easy task breaking down old prejudices, but the energetic crusader is equal to it, having done some soap-box oratory in Hyde Park, London. One of his most effective means of drawing a crowd in Los Angeles is to push his long-handled pamphlet cart through the streets of Russian Flat. Then when his roaming eyes spot a likely corner, he parks the cart, adjusts the pamphlets, and talks to anyone interested.

He recalled the time his pamphlet wagon was upset. "A bunch of hoodlums gave me the bum's rush. Before I knew it they had upset the cart; pamphlets littered the street. But you know, I was glad it happened. The Molokans were indignant. They gave me a hand. And it broke the ice."

However, this little predicament was nothing compared to one he found himself in at the chancery office in Los Angeles. He had pocketed the keys to his new parish and was brushing his knees, after having received Archbishop Cantwell's blessing, when he suddenly realized that while he had a parish, he didn't have a single parishioner. Just as discouraging, he needed a choir, a necessity in the Byzantine liturgy, if he was going to have a con-

gregation. And he didn't have a cent.

Grasping the Archbishop's hand, he said, "Your Excellency, you are most understanding. I want to thank you again for advancing money for the choir and rent. Thanks very much."

The Archbishop's face grew long. Then he smiled kindly. "Say, you do need a choir, don't you, Father?"

In February, 1942, however, the choir's bank book showed a balance of 50c. Father reluctantly bid his professional non-Catholic choir good-by. Fortunately, by this time he had four parishioners. Under his coaching they carried on. Then one day the padre got an idea: what was the matter with high-school students of the Catholic schools singing the liturgical responses from phonetic texts?

In short order, he had 20 students of Sacred Heart academy interested. The Dominican Sisters promised more. A phone call to St. Agnes High school, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, assured him of another 20 eager voices.

It was a pleasant surprise when both schools joined under the Legion of Mary and asked if they couldn't be permanent lay apostles. Since that day they have sung dozens of Russian concerts for various church benefits; appeared on the radio over several national hookups; supervised and instructed some 20 children who have each year enrolled in St. Andrew's Summer school; taught the little Molokan children games and handicrafts; and have aided Father in not only taking them on picnics but teaching them

the rudiments of the Russian tongue. To the many hundreds of Orthodox Russians they have manifested, by kindness and understanding, the real story of the Catholic Church.

Like the disciplined son of St. Ignatius that he is, Father Ryder's personal wants are few. For the last three years or more, Sister Margaret Mary of the Sisters of Charity over at Boyle Heights orphanage has seen that he didn't miss many hot meals. His year in Estonia, he says, did not make him a first-class cook. But now, with the addition of another member, the Canadian Rev. Mr. Menard, S.J., who is studying to become a Russian missionary, Father Ryder intends trying his hand at light housekeeping.

"But regardless of my success as a cook," he reassured me, "I'm not making altar breads. I could delight in the task, but the Maryknoll Sisters have the art of making them down to perfection."

Perhaps, you've been wondering, as I was, how Holy Communion is administered under both Species and what is the proper procedure?

The only thing you have to remember, says Father Ryder (Roman Catholics can receive Holy Communion in a Uniate church without special permission) is not to kneel but to stand; not to clasp your hands together but to cross them like the figure X across the chest; not to put the tongue out but keep it flat, opening the mouth wide.

All this is necessary because the priest distributes Holy Communion with the traditional, long-handled

golden spoon. Dipping the spoon into the chalice, he removes a consecrated cube saturated with the Precious Blood. Then inserting the spoon in the mouth, he overturns it, withdrawing the spoon without having touched the teeth or tongue.

Most Eastern churches have their walls covered with icons. "Yes, the church needs many things," said Father Ryder, "especially icons. You see," he continued, "there should be an icon for nearly every one of the principal feasts. Most of the ones you've seen, I made. They are just paper prints glued on wood.

"Of course, I don't feel too badly about this because I've started a nucle-

us for a good collection." He led me back to the chapel before the icon of St. Nicholas, which was painted by Maltseff in Rome.

Further along the wall I saw icons of Our Lady of Kazan and Pope St. Innocent, both painted in Russia and covered with the characteristic metal shields which permit only the face and hands and feet of the saints to be exposed.

"I hope," he confided, "that anyone who owns an icon as a curio may be moved to place it in the sacred atmosphere of St. Andrew's Russian Catholic church, where it may share in the liturgy and at the same time earn for its benefactor untold blessings."



### *For St. Rose and Us*

A new Basilica of Santa Rosa is being erected in Lima, Peru. The first stone of the new edifice was blessed, placed, and covered with earth from the 21 American republics and the mother country of the majority of those nations, Spain. The twofold purpose is to erect a basilica as a house of prayer where the Americas will be spiritually united, and which will serve as a reliquary for precious documents and souvenirs associated with the life of the New World's first saint.

Archbishop Pedro Pascual Farfan of Lima, in the presence of the Papal Nuncio and the entire Peruvian hierarchy, pontificated at the solemn Mass following the blessing of the stone. President Manuel Prado, speaking as "the Executive of a Catholic nation and as a man reared in a home where St. Rose was always venerated," expressed his joy at "the beginning of a monumental work consecrated to the patroness of Peru and the Americas." The use of soil from American republics and the mother country, he said, "serves as a new testament of their intent to work together in peace and fraternal friendship." It is indeed significant that in the midst of a global conflict there is arising in a sister republic a monument to St. Rose, who symbolizes that spirit of penance and self-sacrifice so necessary if the modern world is to merit the blessings of lasting peace.

*The Magnificat* (Feb. '45).

# To Kiss or Not To Kiss

By FLORENCE PFISTER

Booby traps for bobby soxers

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal*\*

You can rattle along blissfully with Bessie. But there are things boys don't want to hear about: the price of permanents, the kind of dresses you like, the *what she saids* and *I saids*. Especially do they abhor hearing about your dates with other boys. You're a weakie complete if you don't shoot the breeze with high-school chatter, football and basketball material, stars and scores; jobs, what branch of service he prefers and why; about boys already doing theirs across and in camp here, which could lead to looking up islands and things on maps and globes.

All of which might add up to steady dating. Sorry, my dear, but at the risk of being ancient and dated, we go all out for crowds and parties. At an early age a twosome often leads to a wosome and why get old and ugly before you've been young and fun. No jukebox and jive can ruin you as long as you circulate in a crowd instead of a corner.

It's good policy forming a club for females; then should you be manless for the moment it's much more pert to ask a passable lad to a party than to play a lone hand and try to snare a date at the risk of being labeled "Blah" and "Bold." That new boy might be hands-offish to a lone Lana but if it's a question of numbers he figures on freedom but fun and accepts with a

ghoulish, "Guess I can make it, babe, by eight." Then it's up to everyone to stay with the party and no lights out allowed.

But there comes the inevitable "Going home?" And your heart heaves a palpitating priority as you peer down at his feet plumping along beside yours on the pavement. What to say should your glad lad ask you for a good-night kiss? He's had as swish a time as you did and he wants a memento. Here's where you must be a slick chick; for to hurt a man's pride is to hurt his all. To come right out with an icky and icy No might be squelching the lad under a horrible feeling that you accuse him of low, unmentionable intentions which he never even juggled. Here's a little tip you can tack to the top of the list for now and for life: "Keep it light!" Always in difficult situations with the opposite sex, keep it light and let your head rule your heart. When you are older and Mr. Right comes along, your head and your heart will be in the groove, and from then on it's a simple case of Matrimony.

But for now your cue is cuter if you blithely slip by him, quickly open the door and, going in, smile brightly back over your shoulder as you tell him, "It surely was super, wasn't it? I don't know when I ever had such fun. Good night."

\*220 37th St., Pittsburgh, 1, Pa. April, 1945.



Sweetly, quickly, definitely, and cut. You are inside, the door is gently but unhesitatingly closed.

However, today's boys wise up fast and eventually the time will come when you will have to answer in osculation or give out in friendly repartee. Why not say, "O-o-o-h, never on Tuesdays," or "There may come a day, but this isn't it." In you go, and don't loiter.

The time may come when a kiss is the thing. If you value yourself highly there may be very special occasions when a good-night kiss can be something extra special but remember, if you kiss, kiss and break it up! A kiss from a boy you like very much can be tender and precious but if you lose the freshness and sweetness of it you'll lose him, too. Too much is too much!

As to pitching woo in a parked car, nix, no, in every language. It's the easiest way to short-time popularity and a long-time bad name. Many a lad will taste your brew, if only to compare flavors with other lads. What price popularity! Remember, a swift good-night kiss for the man of your

dreams is one thing. But deal them out recklessly, and to all the boys, and you will find yourself tossing about in weird nightmares.

Never forget, boys will make passes at girls who lead them to it. I understand it now, even if it did infuriate me when my grandmother claimed, "There wouldn't be any bad men if there weren't bad women." You can't give soulful glances, wear clothes too tight, too short, and too low, flash a dubious brand of humor and stories, sit in parked cars in the moonlight, listen to music by the dying light of the fire, leave the picnic to wander off in the woods, and slip into dozens of such intimate setups without leading with your chin. They just naturally bring on what you are trying to avoid. Catholic girls do not fall into booby traps whether they are bobby soxers, weakies, or what was once known as young ladies. All your life is ahead of you and it is better to be good than sorry. You can have heaps more fun until Love comes along if you just keep it light.



### Recipe for Love

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love potion. This mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

*Ladies' Home Journal (May '45).*



# Miracle in Mexico

By FANCHON ROYER

Mistress of arrangements

The day I declined to sign a contract to produce a series of "educational films" for release below the Rio Grande because I believed such an undertaking quite meaningless in view of Anglo-American ignorance of the basic elements of Latin America's deep culture, I first came to know *Nuestra Señora del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús*—Our Lady of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On that day, a luminous small likeness of this "most miraculous Virgin" was placed in my hand over a gay luncheon table in a fashionable Park Ave. hotel.

Little had I, or any of the "realists" gathered in dear old New York to welcome a dear friend from Mexico City, suspected that our little celebration was destined to be dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; and still less did I foresee that, almost from that minute, at least a year of my life would be spent in the cause of this particular devotion to the Mother of our Lord.

It was from great personal love and gratitude that Beatriz Zaldivar y Redo had vowed to bring *Nuestra Señora* to her North American friends. So, together with a charming presentation of some exquisite little pictures she had brought from Mexico City, she made us a gift of an enthralling story of wonders that have attended the startling renewal of the historic devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart in Mexico City's Church of San José. And as we

listened, a sophisticated dining spot in the modern, clanging city of Manhattan was suffused with a supernatural beauty. The fascinating story went like this:

Since 1855, when it was established at Issoudum in France, the cult of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart had been blessed with a miraculous history, and long ago, before the Revolution, it had been carried from Europe to Mexico, where it came to be widely known. However, in the stress of the early 1900's, it seemed to fade from view, finally dying out. Those were strange, sad days in this nation of the faithful, days when miracles could be expected very seldom. And that millions of hearts were heavy I know. For I then lived in Mexico.

But time passed. Conditions slowly changed, as they always do, until at last it was 1939. Then it was that a most devout Mexican lady became inspired to reestablish the lovely devotion to *Nuestra Señora del Sagrado Corazón*. To this end, she imported from France and offered to the *Parroquia de San José*, a marvelous painting of the Virgin.

Now the *cura* at *San José* had good and sufficient reasons for a disinclination to accept the image. Chapels and walls of the magnificent but half-ruined old parish church had long been well covered with statues and paintings of the Virgin and the saints;

he had other devotions to our Blessed Mother, devotions to which his loyal people were lovingly accustomed. Anyway, he thought the remarkably beautiful image might be better honored elsewhere, at the great cathedral, perhaps. All these logical arguments did not convince the donor. She insisted the little Virgin be enshrined in the Church of San José. The good cura, little realizing he was being favored by heaven, reluctantly accepted the image.

A corner by the doorway, the modest *rincóncito*, was found for *Nuestra Señora*. There apparently was no other available space. Within two or three weeks, however, confusion appeared, and with it a new era at the *Parroquia de San José*. For, as if out of thin air, an astonishing number of shining *milagros* (the silver and golden figures Mexicans are accustomed to offer the Virgin and saints in gratitude for favors) appeared before and about the new image of our Lady, smiling subtly there in her dusky corner. Too, it became well-nigh impossible to clear the entryway of her rapidly growing company of devotees, to permit passage of others to and from the daily Masses. Obviously *Nuestra Señora* simply had to be moved if the parish was to function. Thus it appeared she had been destined all along to attain a more suitable position of honor. As it turned out, this was the 40-foot wall at the Gospel side of the main altar.

Today she looks down graciously from this great height, her famous small smile playing tenderly about her mouth, an indescribable sympathy in

the depths of her gaze, holding perfection, her divine Baby, lightly in her arms. And as she rests in modesty and quiet amid a profusion of over 2 million blazing *milagros*, 2 million grateful acknowledgments of her favors, there strain up to her thousands of eyes, offering their thousands of pleading or thankful hearts. These are Mexican hearts, high and low, rich and poor, young and old—the hearts of our nearest good neighbors. No wonder such devotion, such faith, is rewarded by our Lady with favors unnumbered, many popularly estimated as miracles, their investigation by the ecclesiastical authorities only waiting more peaceful times.

Back across a continent I carried my little colored print of *Nuestra Señora*, to Hollywood of all places. With pleasure I gave her a pretty frame and made her a tiny altar so I might look at her frequently. From the beginning, she looked at me, too, "watched me" would express it better. I had a copy of her novena prayers in Spanish, and she watched me say them. She also watched me go about my daily business. This, at the time, was the production of a film for the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood. One way and another she found means to keep me thinking of her as she watched, waiting for something.

There came a day when I thought I knew what she wished. She wished me to tell my countrymen and women, particularly the little children, all about her and what she is doing for our Mexican neighbors.

But how? It soon became clear no one was going to encourage the idea with either moral or material support. We have our own established devotions in the U.S. Our priests are busy. Our laymen can be marvelously evasive.

But letters kept coming from Mexico. "*Nuestra Señora* has just brought about a great material favor for Conchita"; or "Lupe's intense devotion to *Nuestra Señora* has most marvelously assuaged the grief which had stricken her upon the death of her son"; and "Father Mariano has received a physical miracle, the immediate cure of two broken bones, over which the medical profession of the city is agog. The proving X rays were made the day before and the day after the miracle which followed his prayer to our Lady."

Well, I could not wait forever. My life work was educating with motion pictures. Had I not crusaded unremittingly for the use of films that would acquaint North Americans, especially North American Catholics, with their Latin-American brothers? Even so, I cannot truly say I took a decision. It was more that a decision took me.

It was Nov. 30, 1944. Plane tickets, they said, were difficult to come by. A priority? Do you think that a priority might be found for a woman who wishes to make an educational film at a miraculous shrine in Mexico to show to our Catholic school children? The first answer that occurs to the reader will be correct. But about a ticket, then? I telephoned both airlines as a safeguard.

Three hours later, believe it or not, I might have had two seats, one on each line. I made my choice and was virtually on my way. But film was already beginning to be a problem. Could I possibly secure enough 16-mm. kodachrome in time to use my plane ticket 48 hours hence? The first dealer I called had it in my hands within the hour. Now what about a photographer, and the necessary equipment? Of course I knew Luis Osorno-Barona, Mexico's best color photographer. But might he not be out of Mexico, as he often is, or making a picture for someone else? I would have less than a month for the entire undertaking. My little daughters would be on vacation from the convent for Christmas, a period which we never fail to spend together. I could not consider letting them down. But it was now or not soon. An exchange of wires took less time than is usually required. Luis Osorno-Barona would be happy to photograph a film drama "for the Virgin."

I carried to Mexico a suitcase, a pasteboard carton of kodachrome, and a letter of introduction to Archbishop Luis M. Martinez from the Los Angeles Chancery, nothing else. As it turned out, anything more would have been superfluous.

"It is my sincere wish, Your Excellency, that you may be proud of the film which you are so graciously permitting me to make in the *Parroquia de San José*," I said, with a heart full of appreciation, to the charming Archbishop of the Mexicans. With a slight shrug, which conveyed an immense

charity, His Excellency answered graciously:

"Señora, God knows what He is doing with all those things. For us, your intentions are sufficient."

It made me happy that Beatriz Zaldivar could be there to share the joy of my first visit to *Nuestra Señora del Sagrado Corazón*. I have since tried to put in words the mystical beauty of the masterfully executed picture of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus which so profoundly expresses heaven's compassion. But there are no words to do it justice, to describe the delicate encouragement in the deep clear eyes that seem to whisper promises of countless blessings.

Far easier it is to attempt a description of the physical aspects of the image, which is framed in a wide circle of wonderfully beaten silver. The spacious walls to each side of it are smothered in a blaze of massed *milagros*, uncounted and uncountable. The base of the exquisite altar below it is surfaced in finely wrought gold. Hundreds of candles glow and wink in the rich blue gloom of San José, striking back a thousand gleaming pin points, reflections from the shining mass of precious metal. This was the glory before which I knelt, before which Mexico kneels daily in devoted, purposeful, and often frantic prayer. Little Indians from the "bush," fashionable ladies to whom prewar world capitals were as well known as their own luxurious city; ancient, ragged crones; an elegant Spanish *marqués*; the sick, the blind, and the lame—all walks and

states of being—all are included in that trusting company.

"Time is lost completely before *Nuestra Señora*," Beatriz had said. "It simply is not. You will see." It was true. Hours pass and one does not know that hours have passed. Praying or only kneeling, time is not. The attraction of the spot can be felt physically.

But it was time to become practical—to speak of ways and means. Therefore, Lupe Rubín, that gracious lady who is also Mexico's leading Catholic playwright, took me at once to the good *cura* of San José. He was helpful and delightful. "When may you photograph your scenes? But anytime at all, Señora. The Archbishop has recommended you. No, there are no especial days; always it is just the same. Hundreds praying. Hundreds of favors granted. Many miracles. Yes, the novena, certainly; oh, but there is not an organized novena. They are in there now making their novenas, all those people: yes, yes, and every day. It is only difficult to get them to go home for the hour of the siesta so that, of course, the church may be cleaned a little, and also even at night.

"We are but custodians here. She runs it all, everything. Has she not brought us this great fortune? You will see for yourself that the church is now restored to all its old beauty. Did you know that with her money, thank offerings made to her for her endless favors, a seminary has also been built, and is being supported? Of course, there is insufficient time properly to ar-



range all the *milagros* because they accumulate so fast, 100 or more a day. We are forced to keep the overflow at the bank. Later perhaps they can be displayed, all of them, but just now, impossible."

Humbly I tried to thank the *cura* who had told us himself, so humbly, how he had sincerely meant to avoid hanging the image of *Nuestra Señora* in the *parroquia*. But he waved aside my words. "*Señora*, if you are here to make a motion picture for the Virgin, it is because she wishes it. That is all."

We looked long days to find the record of a miracle that combined elements attractive and understandable to our American children while presenting no heavy problems for our simple 16-mm. camera equipment. And the month was using itself up! Naturally, I could hardly repay the graciousness everywhere offered with the lament that it was almost vacation time in Los Angeles for my children. So I worried quietly. Furthermore, Luis Osorno had soon to begin work on another picture. I must get mine under way at once or risk losing him.

There came a night when I wrote a little script because it really seemed unavoidable. My story was quite nice, and normally I would have been most pleased with it. But, of course, I did not like the idea that, even from the best intentions, it was my own invention. This was a wrong note. True, the pages had more or less written themselves, coming off the typewriter in approximately two hours.

Apprised of the return of the *cura*

from an out-of-town trip, Lupe Rubin and I saw him the following morning. It seemed that he had recalled an actual miracle. Thereupon he related the miracle of a small boy *that in no material detail differed from the script that was at that moment tucked in my bag!* My heart sang, but truly my knees shook until I was on them again before *Nuestra Señora!*

All delays now ended. We cast the picture with ease, except for finding the right boy for the leading role. He had to play a handsome, intelligent, manly little cripple. He must be an Indian. He could not be a professional actor. I interviewed an uncommonly motley assortment of little Indians of all descriptions, most of them quite unsuitable. Finally, however, one appeared who was better than the others: the right size, nice eyes, not so very Indian, perhaps a trifle glum-looking. In any case, we chose him. One couldn't expect *everything*. There were clothes to fit and *muletas* (crutches) to be made. At last, all was in readiness. Tomorrow morning, Sunday, the day of the weekly market at Amecameca, we would begin shooting.

But tomorrow, when we called for our little protagonist, cars already loaded with equipment and technicians, not to mention beautiful Irma Torres, who was to be our leading lady, the bird had flown! The boy had run off, without explanation. For two, maybe three horrible moments, disaster engulfed us. Our company was definitely on salary and our finances were limited. We were not "sponsored" by any



one nor any organization. And certainly nothing could be done without the boy.

Not more than three minutes after the discovery of the default of our protege, there walked abreast of our car a lad whose face alone knocked the breath out of us all. That he was exactly the right size, that his was an intelligence unequaled by that of any child with whom I had worked in my 17 years of film production, that his manners were perfect and his poise unshakable—all those things we were to learn later. What stopped us then was the face!

Luis Osorno and his sturdy assistant, Tony Martinez, flashed me but one glance apiece. Then they were out of the car and up the street after that boy. Five minutes later I met the child and his kindly mother, who needed to know nothing more than that the Catholic *gringa* was making a picture to honor *Nuestra Señora*. With a magnificent gesture, she entrusted to our care and direction her remarkable offspring. "*Antonio Silva, a su ordenes, Señora.*"

It is anticlimactic to state that we made the market of Amecameca in good time and that never have I been prouder of a performance in one of my pictures than I am every time I see Antonio Silva's reenactment of little Pedro Martinez of Amecameca. That memorable Sunday he and Irma Torres breathed real life into *Mexican Miracle*, life which Luis Osorno-Barona preserved for all time with his beautiful handling of the camera.

But why continue? Shall I really astonish anyone when I say I had no need to explain the subject to our actors as I directed them? And would anyone who has read this far doubt that, when it was learned that we were making a film "for the Virgin," all Mexico turned out to help us? The big studio of Clase Films generously provided us free of charge the generators, arc lights and electricians needed to light San José after our mission was explained to Director Julio Bracho and his kindly, very Catholic producers. Hundreds of devotees gave us their beautiful believing faces without a trace of self-consciousness or curiosity, without a question, when we needed them. Bus drivers, shepherders, tradesmen offered whatever they had to honor the Virgin.

Home again in California, with the picture finally edited and ready for recording, there remained but one favor for our Lady to grant me on account of *Mexican Miracle*, and this too she graciously gave. For in due time ecclesiastical permission was received for the narrating of the film by Msgr. Edward R. Kirk, who conducts one of this country's most successful perpetual novenas to Our Sorrowful Mother at St. Basil's church in Los Angeles. No one, indeed, could explain with fuller understanding, to young and old, this other great devotion to our blessed Mother. Monsignor Kirk is also spiritual director of the Catholic Film and Radio guild, and from this position his confidence in the motion-picture screen as a teaching medium

for our Catholic schools is complete.

It did not seem remarkable to him that I had found it necessary to travel some 5,000 miles to accomplish this record of a Mexican devotion for our North American Catholics. Monsignor Kirk said that, having taken a stand for a program of mutual re-education of the Americas as greatly preferable to

the current concept of a 100% North to South ideological crusade, I had let myself in for the responsibilities that inevitably accrue in the wake of our stubborn "dreams of mission." I had also let myself in for the ever-watchful friendship of *Nuestra Señora del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús*, a blessing for which I am humbly grateful.



## Where They're Buried

By LIEUT.-COL. JAMES M. HANLEY

Condensed from the Mandan *Daily Pioneer*\*

Taking exception to a remark reflecting on the Japanese-Americans in a column conducted by his home-town editor, Charles F. Pierce, in the Mandan (N. Dak.) *Daily Pioneer*, Colonel Hanley, commander of the famed 2nd Battalion of the 442nd (Japanese-American) Infantry Regiment, took time on the western front to write to Pierce. The editor had remarked: "A squib in a paper makes the statement that there are some good Jap-Americans in this country but it didn't say where they are buried." Colonel Hanley's letter, written March 10, 1945, from Southern France, and published in the *Daily Pioneer*, stated:

**Dear Charlie:** Just received the *Pioneer* of Jan. 20 and noted the paragraph enclosed.

Yes, Charlie, I know where there are some good Japanese-Americans; there are some 5,000 of them in this unit. They are American soldiers, and I know where some of them are buried. I wish I could show you some of them,

Charlie. I remember one Japanese-American. He was walking ahead of me in a forest in France. A German shell took the right side of his face off. I recall another boy; an 88 which had been trying to get us for some time, got him. When they carried him out on a stretcher the bloody meat from the middle of the thighs hung down over the end of the stretcher and dragged in dirt; the bone parts were gone.

I recall a sergeant (a Japanese-American, if you will) who had his back blown in two. What was he doing? Why, he was only lying on top of a white officer who had been wounded, to protect him from shell fragments during a barrage.

I recall one of my boys who stopped a German counterattack singlehanded.

\*Mandan, N. Dak., March 31, 1945.

He fired all his BAR ammunition, picked up a German rifle, emptied that, used a German Luger pistol he had taken from a prisoner.

I wish I could tell you the number of Japanese-Americans who have died in this unit alone.

I wish I could tell you the number of wounded we have had, the sightless eyes, missing limbs, broken minds.

I wish I could tell you the decorations we have won.

I wish the boys in the "Lost Battalion" could tell you what they think of Japanese-Americans.

I wish all the troops we have fought beside could tell you what they know.

The marvel is, Charlie, that these boys fight at all; they are good soldiers in spite of the type of racial prejudice shown by your paragraph.

I know it makes a good joke, but it is the sort of joke prejudice thrives upon. It shows a lack of faith in the American ideal. Our system is supposed to make good Americans out of anyone. It certainly has for these.

You, the Hood River Legion post, Hearst, and a few others make one wonder just what we are fighting for. I hope it isn't racial prejudice.

Come on over here, Charlie, I'll show you where "some good Japanese-Americans" are buried.

### When to Quit

There are many reasons for believing in God, and here I'll mention only one. It is this. Supposing there was no intelligence behind the universe, no creative mind. In that case nobody designed my brain for the purpose of thinking. It is merely that when the atoms inside my skull happen for physical or chemical reasons to arrange themselves in a certain way, this gives me, as a by-product, the sensation I call thought.

But if so, how can I trust my own thinking to be true? It's like upsetting a milk jug and hoping that the way the splash arranges itself will give you a map of London. But if I can't trust my own thinking, of course I can't trust the arguments leading to atheism, and therefore have no reason to be an atheist, or anything else. Unless I believe in God, I can't believe in thought; so I can never use thought to disbelieve in God.

From *The Case For Christianity* by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan, 1943).

# St. Bill of New York

By ANTHONY F. LABAU, S.J.

A faith for 1941

Condensed from the pamphlet\*

**Meet Saint** Bill Sweeney of New York. Don't bother stopping to warn me about canonizing people against the wishes of the Church. Bill is not canonized. He is very much alive. St. Bill is a Senior (they prefer it capitalized) at Bellarmine High in New York.† He is not extraordinary, not by any stretch of an admiring biographer's judgment.

In general, he doesn't do extraordinary things. And the ordinary things he does, he usually does in a quite ordinary way. But the little private system he has for handling problems of personal purity is rather typical of his all-out way of doing things. He described it to Father Ryan one day in the student counselor's office. Bill must have broached the subject himself, for Father is a shrewd adviser and knows how to deal with boys.

"Want to hear the Sweeney defensive-offensive, Father, for temptations against purity?"

"Bet I do, Bill." (Father prefers to let the boys do the talking, especially if they are on the right track. When they begin to swerve a bit, a leading question normally serves to get them back on.) "But here you're up against a much more subtle, slippery opponent

†Bill Sweeney is not, for obvious reasons, the true name of the hero of this story, which might have been written of many another American Catholic youth.

than you'll ever meet any place else."

"And don't I know it! So what do we do? We act as bluntly and as forcefully as he acts slyly—two phases to the fight, Father."

"You don't say! Must be quite a tussle."

"Nope; success depends on speed. You have to be on your toes. Work fast, or you lose. And if you lose, Christ loses; so you have to snap right to it."

"Phase one: those temptations almost always are started by something you hear or see—a rotten story, movie, conversation, a picture or a person. Right?"

"Correct. I'm learning fast."

"So the obvious thing is to remove the cause: turn the page, look away from the picture, change the conversation, leave the person—or the movie. And forget it. Do something else fast. That's the defensive part of the action, Father. It may be sufficient; if it is, you've won. But you have to keep away from the cause. It's like a hot potato; you drop it fast, or you get burned. That's essential. Follow?"

"Follow. That all?"

"All to phase one. If that didn't do the trick, and the temptation returns, you roll up the big guns, send in the dive bombers, blitz the old devil right out of his horns—with phase two. This may sound strange, Father, but my

\*1941. *The Queen's Work*, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. 48 pp. 10c.

pastor said it is all right. Instantly, quick as a P-47, you say to the devil, 'Get back to hell, where you belong, you damned devil. And dear Lady, please take over, won't you?' Then you get on back to doing something else right away. That's all."

"Sounds potent, Bill." The priest laughed. "But then, you are only telling the devil to go where God Himself told him to go. Of course, under those circumstances our Lady wouldn't mind being mentioned in the same breath with the devil. However, just for the sake of prudence it might be wiser to unleash that bit of lightning very quietly and to yourself. People might misunderstand if you spoke out loud."

Bill laughed, too.

"Well, does your system work?" finished Father Ryan.

For just a moment the boy became almost solemn. "It can't fail, Father, because our Lady can't fail. If anything does go wrong, the trouble is that she has not been called on soon enough."

Then he suddenly remembered the game he had promised to referee for two Freshman classes.

Left alone, Father returned to his desk and started doodling on a small memo pad an age-old remedy in slightly new terms: Remove cause. Blitz devil. Call B. V. M. Quick as a P-47.

Just as three or four Juniors were knocking at his open door, he was mentally thanking the immaculate Queen for the good sense he always found in those who loved her.

One Saturday morning of last January, Bill had to come in for basketball

practice. He arrived early and was obviously glad to see Father walking along the main corridor, reading his breviary. Greetings over, Bill removed the padded overcoat that made his five-foot-eleven look even more massive.

"Christ said we are to turn the other cheek. How come, Father? No wonder people say Catholics are either like putty or exactly like everybody else. How can you accomplish anything by just taking a beating all the time?"

Together they planned out a brief and brought-up-to-date digest of that unwritten Catholic technique of winning friends and influencing people. Point No. 1: Catholics normally do not go out of their way to receive insults as insults. Nor ought they ever give any just cause for insults or rebukes. (The important word there is *just*.) Point No. 2: For the ordinary person, turning the other cheek consists simply in doing the same right thing every time it should be done, precisely because it is the right thing, and doing it despite the ridicule that the doing of it may have caused before.

From personal experience Bill could tell you how that second point works out in actual practice.

Sally Somebody and Ann Anybody, neighborhood youngsters with queer notions about popularity and how to achieve it, are definitely not what you would call standoffish with even the most casual boy acquaintances. Knowing how easily obtainable their counterfeit kisses are, you nevertheless treat them as though they were modest, self and you-respecting young girls. The



fellows around home wink good-naturally and tell you to get on to yourself. However, when you find yourself unavoidably in the company of the young pair again, you treat them exactly as you had treated them the other time. Whereupon, as you expected, the gang scornfully labels you as "slow." That's turning the other cheek as Christ asked you to do it.

Another example . . .

Into your "private car" on the subway walks an elderly Jew—whiskers, long black coat, bulging pockets, and the inevitable package wrapped in a newspaper. You feel awfully cheap as you sit quietly amid the little litany of taunts that he receives from the fellows you are with: "crazy Yid," "fox-in-the-bush," and other worse epithets. When someone attempts to stroke the old man's beard, however, you snap out a warning to "lay off," which brings you a very pitying laugh. Two hours later substantially the same situation arises in the park. This time two colored lads are the targets. Only now when you turn the other cheek by bucking the crowd, the laugh you receive seems even more pitying and hurts a lot more. But with an effort you smother the seething little volcano that is just aching to erupt at the end of each of your wrists.

That is *what* you do as a Catholic. Father Ryan would never let the discussion end without a good look at *why* you do *what* you do. They agreed, he and Bill, that you act that way not to gain sympathy, nor because you are afraid not to do the right thing, but

simply because our Lord commanded that manner of acting and because He acted that way Himself. With divine recklessness, Christ turned His other cheek, died on a cross, and conquered a world.

Yes, you survive. Most of all, the Church survives. And it goes beyond that. You have the example of the early Christians who had to suffer to follow their code against the bitter opposition of pagan Rome. But Rome died; the Church grew and became Europe. In every century, including the 20th, terrible weapons have been used against Christians. Retaliating by turning the other cheek, they have succeeded in changing a world.

Proof of that from Bill's own experience? The Sally and Ann we recently mentioned were at first very much surprised at Bill's respectful conduct toward them. Sally liked it. It gave her a new outlook. She now began to feel a strange strong confidence in her dignity and charm as a personable young lady. Within three or four days Ann was left without a companion for her future "conquests," so she began to think things over, too.

St. Bill? Sure. By all means. He has, or always tries to get, the right slant on things. And regularly he does the right thing in the right way as far as he possibly can. He always tries to find out what God is asking of him, and then he does it because it is God's will for him. After all, sanctity consists in just that, attitudes and habits, you know, not only in isolated instances, unless one of those instances happens

to be martyrdom. And Bill is no martyr.

The boy doesn't spend all his spare time in subways and parks, exercising the ridiculing powers of his companions. He is genuinely popular with his contemporaries, and they expend far more laughter at his magnificent sense of what is funny than at his more magnificent sense of what is right. He brightens the spirit of any crowd he is with, so they love to have him.

Even when the laugh is on him, Bill can enjoy it.

Besides his sense of humor, another good reason for Bill's popularity is his genuine respect for the feelings of everyone he meets. He takes people exactly as they appear to him; within reason, he manages to adapt himself to the temperament of the person he happens to be with at the moment.

A sharp temper isn't a bad thing—if you can control it. It simply indicates a large supply of interior fire that can be converted into valuable work along any line. But sometimes, only sometimes, Bill's temper gives off sparks. Perhaps he ought not to be blamed; saints have often been angry.

It was the afternoon of the Seniors' first Sodality social this year. Seniors and Juniors had been invited from four or five near-by girls' schools, and Bill had danced with a good cross section of the guests; at least he hadn't waited to see how each individual girl lined up for looks and dress and dancing ability before he went over to her and said, "Shall we?"

His surprise was sincere when after

the girls had gone he overheard Ed Quinn saying, rather smugly, to a couple of his own little circle: "This could have been a nifty dance if they hadn't invited those dime-store debutantes from the home or orphanage or whatever it is. And if those chumps Preston, Sweeney, Bangs and Company hadn't started making martyrs of themselves, and us, by dancing with them. . . . Dear little pitty-pats! Loyal to Father Ryan even though he likes them so much more for it." And his voice indicated all he meant.

Bill's first impulse was to make Quinn swallow his remark on the spot. His second impulse was to stop the first impulse, which he did. But there was no dulcet smoothness in his voice when he snapped out with, "Stow it, Quinn. If you'd stop half your beefing, you'd have twice as much fun around here. But get this, guy: Let loose on that apple-polishing stuff again, and you'll have to get a priority on a wheel chair. Understand?" And he walked away.

All who heard understood. They may also have found out later that no one present at the last Sodality meeting had ever questioned the matter of inviting the poorer girls, that Bill had never considered the idea of not dancing with them, that Father Ryan had not been able to be present at the social—and Bill knew it.

St. Bill *likes* things. (Accent the verb, please.) Songs and singers like Crosby and Dinah Shore (Sinatra is O. K., but he much prefers Bing, thank you); orchestras and bands, Duke Ellington

first, but Tommy Dorsey or Woody Herman for ordinary purposes; otherwise Kostelanetz playing anything, especially Gershwin or Kern (when Bill starts whistling indeliberately, he almost always gets into *Rhapsody in Blue*); soloist Benny Goodman . . . and yes, Harry James, "but not for too long, Joan, please." Movies, too. He is waiting for the day when Spencer Tracy will appear in a picture opposite Greer Garson!

Whenever it's a toss-up between something he'd *like* to do and something he *ought* to be doing at the same time, his solution nine times out of nine and a half is quick and ruthlessly sensible: "Sorry, Bud; you've work to do. Get going." (Bud is Bill's nickname for himself when his better judgment is telling him off.)

Girls like going out with Bill. Whether it's to a party at the home of one of the gang, or a double date to Rye Beach or Coney Island, or an ordinary twosome to a school play or a parish dance, he always makes it a lively time. And there's no annoying *quid pro quo* on the way home, if you see what I mean.

There's a definiteness and a crispness about that lad that you'd love. One time Bill Sweeney managed just such a quick and proper reaction so brilliantly that almost all alone it could justify the title *Saint*. Most significantly, it happened on a basketball court, his favorite place.

Three years in a row Bellarmine had lost the A/C Walter Hanrahan Memorial Tournament by one point. Last

year the school had come to the final game again, this time absolutely determined to break that jinx and win. The entire school was present at the play-off. During the first three periods and all through the fiercely fought last quarter the score had ding-donged tantalizingly, stopping at 30-29, Bellarmine's favor, with 30 seconds of play left, and Bellarmine taking the ball in. Whistle for play.

Ball from Murtagh to O'Connell to Sweeney to O'Connell to Maloney, cut, pass, interception, long pass to a St. Francis guard, dribble, lay-up, basket! Score 31-30, St. Francis ahead, and ten seconds to play. Both stands were screaming, and Bellarmine called time out.

A million things went through the racing brains of those Bellarmine Red Raiders during that time out. "Break for the corner, Sweeney. We'll feed it to you," Murtagh, the captain, panted. Just as the horn called time in, Bill begged our Lady to let him sink it and promised Mass every morning during Lent if she did.

Whistle for play. Ball in, to Maloney, to Murty, quick pivot, to O'Brien; shabby pass to Bill in the corner, snapped set, ball in the air, horn for the end of the game.

No. The ball did not go in. Even as it was arcing gracefully toward the basket, a thousand eyes pushing it in and a thousand pushing it out, Bill realized that his set shot was going too high.

What do you think his very first thought was as the ball bounced off

the backboard? That the bad pass from O'Brien threw his set off? That the interception Maloney allowed really was the cause of the awful groan in the Bellarmine stands? No; neither.

This is what he thought in that flash of an instant while the ball was still

in the air: "Okay, dear Lady, you'll get the daily Mass anyway."

A decision like that, made intuitively under those circumstances, points out a lot of things; but in particular, that the boy's faith is something he lives by.



## Cardinal Hayes High School

By GERTRUDE HAAS

Condensed from the *Interracial Review*\*

If you live near New York City you have heard of Cardinal Hayes High school. It was completed in 1941, and is one of the largest in this section. The building is a modern marvel, with curved front. Huge smooth towers stand above the open sweep of Grand Concourse like a futuristic dream. Elevators, long tiled corridors; bright classrooms; completely equipped library, auditorium, cafeteria, and gymnasium; many chemistry, biology, physics, music, commerce rooms; and a Romanesque chapel—all as perfectly appointed as the exterior would suggest.

Here each year more than 2000 boys receive the best of today's civilization and of the wisdom that the Church can offer. Secular priests, Marists, Xaverian, and Irish Christian Brothers, teaching all branches of arts and sciences, mold immature souls in accordance with the aim of Catholic education Pope Pius

XI expressed, "to form Christ Himself in those regenerated by Baptism."

I saw over 100 Negro boys working and playing with the white boys, getting the same attention, discipline, and advantages. A colored boy and a white boy would be found dissecting the same worm in lab; they practiced together on the basketball court. And not only in supervised classes did they mingle, but in places where boys hang out in their own groups, such as the cafeteria, halls, and lockers.

"Is it always this way?" I asked Monsignor Furlong. "Don't you ever have any trouble?"

"No, we never have trouble here. Our white boys are loyal to their colored friends, and to the school's democratic standards.

"Why, paying any attention to this prejudice business is a lot of nonsense." Monsignor was emphatic. "You only

\*20 Vesey St., New York City, 7, April, 1945.



make trouble out of nothing. A boy is a boy to me. One fellow may have large ears, another blue eyes, another dark skin. Those accidentals don't have anything to do with the boy fundamentally. I know the fellows by name. But I couldn't even tell how many colored boys we have here, because I don't care about their color. I take them as they come, as persons." He greets all, colored or white. He praises and scolds both alike, calls them down for forgetting to wear ties, smiles encouragingly at an engine design, stops them from running in the halls.

"I suppose our alumni may have it hard when they find a different attitude outside, when they find prejudice keeping them from jobs or advancement. We fit them as best we can. Besides filling them with knowledge, we try to make Christian gentlemen of all, to give them the assurance and self-

confidence based on true Christian humility. At present, the services are taking all our boys, but after the war our colored lads may find difficulty now and then." From what I have seen I am sure Monsignor Furlong's Christlike interest will also help solve his boys' problems out of school.

I speak of Monsignor's attitude because it is the school's attitude. Everywhere is that spirit of charity by which petty differences fade until they melt away entirely.

So don't give me any of the old excuses. They don't hold water. Cardinal Hayes High school proves that. It is one of the newest and best schools with the finest of standards; and it has never been retarded by its refusal to recognize a color line. Enrollment increases constantly. Indeed, many must be turned away because of lack of room.



## What Year Did You Listen To Churchill?

The House of Commons, by an overwhelming all-party vote, decided to endorse Mr. Churchill's trust in Marshal Stalin's good faith.

Mr. Churchill put the issue as simply, as directly, and as gravely as this: he wanted an overwhelming vote of confidence in Russia's good faith.

The [London] *Herald* (3 Jan. '45).

Communism is not only a creed. It is a plan of campaign. No faith need be, indeed may be, kept with non-Communists. Every act of good will, of tolerance, of conciliation, of mercy, of magnanimity on the part of governments or statesmen is to be utilized for their ruin. All this, set out in prose textbooks, written in blood in the history of several powerful nations, is the communist's faith and purpose.

From *Great Contemporaries* by Winston S. Churchill (Putnam, 1937).



# Democracy Afloat

No rest for Jim Crow

By BEN BURNS

Condensed from the *Crisis*

The Army and Navy said it could not be done. But the U. S. Merchant Marine did it. Stout-hearted sailors of the deep have won one of the critical struggles of this war, the Battle of the Color Line. In the thick of dangerous war waters and on invasion beaches, white and Negro men of the sea are proving in one of the most significant experiments in U. S. race relations that some gold-braided admirals and generals were wrong. They are demonstrating that enforced segregation can be wiped out in American life without friction or violence; that the Allied war for democracy might also be made a genuine reality for all our 13 million colored Americans.

The yet untold story of how Jim Crow was unceremoniously dumped overboard on virtually all 4,000 merchant vessels in our Liberty and Victory fleets is a powerful rebuttal to the stubborn insistence of the War and Navy Departments on segregation. It is a saga of racial democracy that needs telling and retelling to millions of Americans who accept and practice racial supremacy theories at home while fighting them abroad.

Here for the first time in history white and colored men are sleeping, eating, working, living together by the thousands. All of them are volunteer fighters, men who have suffered the

highest casualty rate of any service. Together on ships that are tiny communities in themselves, they have worked out a pattern of racial relations that can well become a model on land.

At least four Liberty ships now have Negro captains, Hugh Mulzac, Adrian T. Richardson, Clifton Lastic and John Godfrey. In their crews are men of all colors and creeds. Among the more than 200,000 merchant seamen there are 8,000 Negroes, many of them ship's officers. Symbolic of this somewhat revolutionary concept of inter-racial good will is the naming of 15 Liberty ships after outstanding Negro leaders, the first being the *S.S. Booker T. Washington*.

In a huge convoy carrying GI supplies to the Mediterranean, I witnessed evidence at every turn that Jim Crow is taboo. I spoke to Negro seamen who have been shipping out since Pearl Harbor, and without exception they said they had not encountered a single instance of racial discrimination at sea. Of a crew of 43 on the *S.S. Anton J. Cermak*, 11 were Negro. Typical was 22-year-old able-bodied seaman Warren Marshall, former Howard University pre-medical student, who told me: "In more than a year I've been shipping, I haven't seen a single case of racial discrimination."

Negroes work in every department

\*69 5th Ave., New York City, 3, April, 1945.

on ship, topside, in the mess, and down below. Half of them bunk with white shipmates. All the crew eat together in a common mess hall.

Some white seamen have private prejudiced opinions about "white supremacy." Some believe colored crew members should be segregated. Others talk about separate ships manned by Negroes only. There is the usual stereotype concept of the Negro. But the important thing is that for all their objections and protests, they go along with the setup. Whether they come from South Carolina or Southern California, they work, eat and sleep with Negroes. And most significant, they learn, and admit, that Negroes can be decent, fine, and clean, or ornery, deceitful and dirty folks, the same as whites.

Thousands going to sea for the first time have discovered the frauds in myths about race and have rejected the superiority fables. They also have found that a ship during wartime, where every man's life may depend on the next fellow's skill and courage, proves the unity of the human family. The hands that man the ship's potent weapons, its effective 20 mm. antiaircraft guns and powerful five-inch and three-inch pieces, are black and white. Negro merchantmen take their posts in the gun tubs alongside white Navy men in the face of the foe.

While the Navy still maintains stringent color lines (until two years ago limiting Negroes to messmen jobs only) Jim Crow has disappeared from the Merchant Marine. There are no

"For White Only" signs on the guns. In fact, for any Negro to refuse to help man a gun would be considered a cardinal offense.

It is a strange contradiction. In the convoy itself both races work on the big guns together. But on the destroyer escort that flits and darts about like a sheepdog attending its flock, the Navy stubbornly maintains its color line. That racial democracy works on Liberty ships but not on Navy vessels is evidently the curious contention of those who dictate Navy policy. But they would have a hard time proving it to seamen who can also testify to the most cordial relations ashore between the all-white Navy sailors and Negro merchant seamen.

Credit for the pioneering job in racial relations done in the Merchant Marine goes to the common sense of the War Shipping Administration, the shipowners, and the CIO National Maritime Union.

Back in its early days in 1936 and 1937, when bloody battles were waged on the waterfronts of half a dozen seaports in the East, the union learned in a hard-fought strike that any racial division would break the union. So it put thumbs down on racial prejudice, and elected a Negro from the West Indies, Ferdinand Smith, as its secretary. The union has been fighting on the race front ever since. In all its hiring halls, even in the deep South, all prejudiced traditions have been smashed. Colored and white unionists await jobs in the same places without discrimination.

When Pearl Harbor came, the CIO insisted that the newly formed War Shipping Administration follow its nondiscriminatory policy, and it is a tribute to courageous Admiral Emory Land that he did so.

The WSA maritime training schools are run just as the ships, with no color line. Trainees come from all sections of the nation and find out on their first day in school that they have to drop their prejudices or drop out of school. At Sheepshead Bay in New York City or in the deep South at St. Petersburg, Fla., the policy is the same. Schools at both centers are concerned only with turning out the best seamen in the world in the shortest time to meet the needs of our expanding merchant fleet. Their directors have wiped out every trace of discrimination.

Shipowners learned after Pearl Harbor that courage knows no color and they, too, have followed in the union's footsteps by proclaiming racial democracy aboard all their vessels. It was not

always easy, and in numerous cases Dixie-minded seamen walked off ships rather than sign on with Negro sailors. But often they came back and soon shed their prejudices.

Many were stirred to a new vision by the heroism of typical Negro seamen. One Negro, Harold D. Harper, had six ships go down under him, and in one sinking was painfully wounded when he was machine-gunned by a Nazi plane. One Negro captain, Skipper Richardson, had his ship, the *S.S. Frederick Douglass*, torpedoed in a bitter Arctic storm, but all hands were saved.

These men are building a tradition that is bound to be more than a "duration" affair. Their wartime pioneering in race relations has already been assured postwar permanency through a historic contract signed by the CIO union and 124 ship companies. This agreement prohibits discrimination against any seamen "because of race, creed, color or national origin."



### Love Your Enemies

During the battle of Paris last summer, Georges Bidault, France's minister of foreign affairs, and some of his friends saw a crowd beating a bunch of German snipers who had been captured by the French. One of the friends said, "Before the war I would have objected to that sort of thing. Today, after what we've been through, it makes me feel good."

Bidault turned to him reproachfully. "Yesterday, they were our torturers; today they are people who have lost a battle. Let us respect them."

*The Saturday Evening Post* quoted in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* (28 April '45).

# Europe Must Eat

By MARQUIS W. CHILDS

Condensed from a radio address\*

In a postwar Europe of peace and reconstruction, bread will win the real final victory. I have just traveled nearly 10,000 miles through devastated Europe. I saw hungry people from one side of the continent to the other, from bomb-shattered LeHavre to Athens. What I saw convinced me that we can have won a military triumph and at the same time lose the peace. People are not starving in Europe in the same way they starved in India two years ago. They do not drop dead on the streets. But they are very hungry.

But millions, particularly children, are living so close to the starvation line that the minds and bodies of a whole generation are being maimed. You can read this in the figures UNRRA has put together showing an extraordinary increase in cases of tuberculosis and pneumonia. You can read it in statistics on food supply, in black markets and prices soaring to fantastic levels. You can see it in the faces of children.

We were traveling across France in a jeep. We stopped in what had once been a prosperous town to eat our K rations. Soon a group of children gathered, boys and girls from five or six to 12 or 13. They were thin to the point of emaciation. Their eyes had the red-rimmed look that comes from malnutrition. Some showed signs of what was probably scabies.

They watched us as we ate. We knew they were hungry. So of course we shared our food. They treasured the scraps at first, looking at them unbelievably. Then they wolfed them.

Early in March I was in an Italian hill town, ancient stone houses fronting the road that winds on to the mountains and the front line not far away. GI's were standing in a chow line with their mess kits on this fine sunny day. They passed by steaming kettles and got generous helpings of American food. Across the street was a line of Italian civilians, women and children, each with a pan or can. When the GI's had finished eating they crossed the street and dumped what was left of the noonday meal in the outstretched pan of the woman or child at the head of the line. That went on until all the GI's had finished their meal. It was not a pretty sight, but it is Europe in this sixth year since World War 2 launched its all-encompassing horror.

Take another look at what hunger and cold, twin evils, have meant. In Yugoslavia's capital, Belgrade, I was taken to see what had once been a fine modern medical center with buildings and equipment as up-to-date as any you could find anywhere. It had been badly damaged by bombing; then, in the final fight for liberation from the nazis, one side had used the sixth floor

\*Over CBS, from Station WTOP, Washington, D. C. March 31, 1945.



of the central clinic as an observation post. Several floors were still in use in spite of the damage.

I was taken through a children's ward in which youngsters were suffering from pneumonia and other respiratory diseases. It was still spring and still quite cold, and there was no heat in the hospital. Rugs, shawls and blankets had been piled on top of the children's beds and still they had a cold, pinched look. The nurse in charge told us how very hard it was to obtain milk. They had no vitamins and recovery was slow because one simply could not get enough nourishing food. Of course, she added, those children were fortunate, since 90% of the ill in the city were receiving no attention.

Yet some foods were plentiful. During my brief stay I had beefsteak twice a day, served in the local fashion with a fried egg on top. In the area around Belgrade beef was plentiful. But fifty miles away it could not be bought for love or money. In many parts of Yugoslavia, actual starvation exists, yet in the rich farming country around the capital some foods were in surplus.

That is the irony throughout hungry Europe: in some regions a glut, in others a famine. It grows out of the destruction of the transportation system from the North sea to the Aegean. It was supremely important to the Allies to prevent Germany from getting any good out of the countries occupied by German troops. And believe me, our pilots and bombardiers did a thorough job. Then as the nazis pulled out they finished off the destruction.

That was why, when our troops first went into Normandy, they got an impression of plenty and well-being. First reports back to America told of butter and meat in abundance. But that was a false impression as far as all of France went. Normandy, which produces more food than it consumes, could not send surpluses away.

We had said in our broadcast propaganda that after liberation there would be food. Therefore when they heard that we had started into France, the French began to eat their small hoarded stores. Mothers thought they would have milk for their babies. Working men thought they would get a little meat so that they could do hard work again. But we did not bring in food for civilians. The grim fact is that food was scarcer in French cities last winter than at any time under the nazis.

Before long we will be faced with even more critical tests. Though occupied Holland was bypassed in the sweep across the Rhine, I saw reports by the Dutch underground just before I left Europe that showed that for the Dutch starvation is not a threat but a reality. The ration for adults was recently reduced to one potato and two tulip bulbs. Tulip bulbs are blooming in our gardens this spring but in Holland, the home of the tulip, the Dutch are eating them because it is all they have to eat. Norway is hardly better off. It was the first country in western Europe to be invaded by the nazis.

We were not prepared to help liberated France. Our top military planners believed the war would end in



October or November. Then it would be possible to use shipping and supplies for the relief of liberated peoples. It did not turn out that way because the war did not end in the fall. The same error must not be repeated in Norway and Holland. Preparations must be made immediately. We must move into every country without delay with supplies. We must be prepared to minimize hunger and disease.

The traveler who returns to America by air makes an astonishingly swift transition. Within 24 hours you pass from shattered, hungry Europe to an America that seems unbelievably solid and secure. It is a wonderful thing to come back to this rich, free land. It is what millions of our young men overseas talk about and dream about. You eat grapefruit. You eat eggs and *not* powdered eggs. Yes, you eat meat, a little meat.

We must somehow send more food to Europe even though that means additional sacrifices on our part. One of the top officials in Washington, wres-

tling with this problem of food distribution for a hungry world, put it this way: if we in America could cut our ration during the next four months by only 10% we would provide food for 13 million, and this would mean a 25% supplement for 52 million Europeans.

That is not just altruism, although as Americans we should not be afraid of altruism for we have always extended a helping hand to suffering people wherever they were. Stunted bodies produce stunted minds. Adolescents who suffer from prolonged malnutrition lose their moral sense. Young children who are constantly hungry can never take in the values that are at the bottom of our civilization. They become the focus of new revolutions and new wars. If we send over a little more food now, if we organize food distribution with adequate controls at home and abroad, then perhaps we shall save the next generation from the horrors of a more terrible global conflict.



### Via Cookbook

In Mexico the Methodist church is quite active. It has 15 churches under construction, publishes five periodicals, among which is *Antorcha Misionera*, which runs a section devoted to cooking recipes. Each recipe contains the instructions as to the amount of each ingredient, but the ingredient itself is concealed in a passage from Scriptures. A fruitcake, for example, runs something as follows: one cup—(Jeremiah 6:20); 1 spoonful—(1 Samuel 14:25); small quantity of—(Leviticus 3:14). Amusing as this may seem, it is indicative of the extent to which all means are being utilized to get propaganda across.

Richard Pattee in Columbia (April '45).

## "Progress"

We make it backwards

By MICHAEL KENT

Condensed chapter of a book\*

In the years of peace preceding the first World War, most persons sincerely believed the world was getting better. Anesthetics, they pointed out, relieve pain. Education is compulsory. Suffrage is universal. Autocracy and tyranny have been replaced by democracy.

Wages and living conditions generally are such that laborers may enjoy comforts and luxuries unknown to the rich in former centuries. Advances in medical science have eliminated epidemics, cured hitherto incurable diseases, reduced infant mortality, increased the average life span, and brought disease largely under control. Transportation to great distances can be accomplished at incredible speed. Religious tyranny and persecution are ended. Criminals are no longer tortured or publicly executed. Suffering has been reduced to a minimum. If progress continues at this rate, it is not too much to expect that poverty and pain may be eliminated from human experience altogether, to be replaced by well-nigh universal security and well-being.

Nor was this optimism limited to the uninformed. Intellectuals assured us the improvement was genuine and would continue. Textbooks published on the very eve of the first World War glow with bright promises already half

fulfilled: "The Great Powers of Europe (Germany, Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, Italy) now make a practice of acting together in all important international concerns. Their action is not usually registered in public treaties; nonetheless, through their joint understandings, embodied in diplomatic notes and other communications, they foreshadow perhaps—no matter how remotely—the formation of a new World State, in which all great questions will be treated in international congresses, and disputes between nations will be settled by diplomacy and arbitration instead of by the sword. An important step in this direction has recently been taken in the Hague peace conferences."

While admitting the failure of the first Hague peace conferences, the author of this text (published 1913) anticipates better results from another conference "to meet in 1915. Friends of peace hope the meetings will lead to measures to end war and unite all mankind in international brotherhood."

The cause of peace was to be further advanced by increased use of the airplane: "The conquest of the air will lead to the emergence of humanity from the insularity of nationalism to the broad view of cosmopolitanism; an end to which the Hague conferences

\*The Bond of Peace. 1945. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 186 pp. \$2.

and other influences are already tending."

The more hopeful statesmen, also, looked forward (with Lloyd George of England) to a time "when poverty with its wretchedness and squalor will be as remote from the people as the wolves which once infested the forests."

In 1913, we looked forward with confidence to the early conquest of war, poverty, and disease. The blithe prophecies contained no hint that 1914 would bring the worst war, 1919 the third worst epidemic, and 1929 the worst general depression in all history.

Fallacies die hard. The 20th century had become identified with progress, and not even major catastrophes could shake a popular conviction that the world was getting better: that it was, indeed, better than ever before and especially better than during the Middle Ages.

In spite of war, epidemics, and unemployment, for another generation our faith in progress remained unshaken. Leaders insisted it was not that we were on the wrong road; we simply had not gone far enough along the right one.

Textbooks published in the interval between the two wars continued the same pitiful optimism. We were assured by one authority that "the treaties signed (at the disarmament conference) promise to inaugurate a new era of international comity and good will. In President Harding's words, 'The torches of understanding have been lighted, and they ought to

glow and encircle the world.'" On the occasion of Germany's admission to the League of Nations in 1926, Briand, as quoted by another text, makes up in eloquence what he lacks in farsightedness: "Is it not a moving spectacle, and a specially ennobling and comforting one, when we think that only a few years after the most frightful war which ever devastated the world the same peoples who were hurled in combat against each other are meeting in this peaceful assembly to collaborate in the work of world peace?" Like the Hague conferences, the Treaty of Locarno was hailed with rejoicing as "another milestone toward universal peace."

These naive conclusions of the intellectuals before and after the first World War, and the serene credulity with which they were accepted, wring wry laughter from us now. For "only a few years" after Briand's untimely effusions, "the most frightful war which ever devastated the world" is followed by another, more extensive and more frightful still; the peoples who met in that "peaceful assembly to collaborate in the work of world peace" are again "hurled in combat against each other" in both hemispheres. The milestone has become but another scrap of paper. Not the torches of understanding, but incendiary bombs have been lighted, and they do indeed glow and encircle the world.

In this repetition after the first World War of the same cheerful nonsense uttered by statesmen and historians before it, and followed by a

second and greater catastrophe, we have a tragic pattern twice repeated. Nor is there any reason to suppose it will not be repeated a third time. It is easy to foresee another round of conferences and councils, pacts and treaties, greater discoveries in medicine and invention, new experiments in emancipation, all "heralding a new and better day" and accompanied with the usual predictions to that effect, followed, as soon as the rubbish is cleared away and a new generation made eligible for slaughter, by a third and still greater disaster.

In assuming the world was getting better because people moved about more rapidly, and lived more comfortably in the 20th century than in previous ages, optimists were guilty of a *non sequitur* which intellectuals at least should have avoided. A confusion of terms extended to a confusion of values. Because a man can travel faster in an airplane than an oxcart, it does not follow that he is a better man or that the purpose of his journey is benevolent.

The airplane can carry food and medicine to victims of disaster in remote localities in record time; it can save lives that would otherwise be lost. It can also carry bombs to distant places in record time; it can destroy lives that would otherwise be safe. It has, in fact, destroyed incomparably more lives than it has saved.

The majority based their optimism on a false identification between scientific and spiritual progress. But a realistic minority, even before the second

World War, called attention to disease symptoms in the social order which optimists refused to take seriously: lynchings, and a public eagerness to witness them; poverty-ridden sharecroppers; race hate; gangs, graft; murders; the automobile death rate. This minority saw that simply to read a newspaper with a fresh eye was to be given a glimpse of social horrors and atrocities which would have appalled past ages. The fact that millions of calloused readers took their daily fare of murders, brutalities, fires, accidents, political and social scandals as a matter of course, without revulsion or even astonishment, was sufficient proof of the decadence of a society in which such items had become so commonplace they shocked no one.

Today disbelievers in progress can say "I told you so" without fear of contradiction. They will not deny that anesthetics relieve pain—when available. But what good are anesthetics to air-raid victims, trapped in wrecked and burning buildings, or to wounded soldiers and civilians beyond reach of medical help? Poverty, perhaps, is being slowly eliminated by government legislation, except where the will of a dictator condemns entire "enemy populations" to slow death by starvation.

Criminals are no longer executed in our public squares. But children in school, patients in hospitals, the helpless, aged, and innocent, are slaughtered and maimed (without benefit of anesthetics) in all-out wars which the Hague conferences and Locarno trea-



ties, assisted by the airplane, were to have ended forever.

In what, then, does progress consist?

If progress consists in the elimination of poverty, the Middle Ages in spite of their barbarism were at least spared the problem of unemployment: "Every great estate or 'manor' was self-supporting to a surprising extent. Ale was home-brewed; wool was spun and cloth woven in the household; and the village blacksmith performed services beyond the powers of the household circle. The condition of the peasant in the 13th century was not so bad as it became in later centuries. He was assured of a rude plenty, for his possession of land saved him from the grinding poverty which today is the lot of the unemployed."

If progress is measured by elimination of pain, there has been more intense and widespread suffering so far in the 20th century than in any two or three centuries put together. Casualties and victims of war and disaster were reckoned by thousands in the past. During the four years of the first World War more than 35 million were killed and wounded: "Accurate figures are not available, but it is estimated that over 8 million men were killed in battle; over 9 million permanently crippled; and over 21 million wounded more or less seriously. The destruction of property was so great it cannot be estimated." The losses and destruction of the present war defy estimation.

If the conquest of pain, preservation of life and property, and increase in

comfort and well-being, then, be taken as the criterion of progress, the 20th century has a long way to go to catch up with any century in the Dark or Middle Ages.

No optimist can gainsay this. Nor will he be inclined to do so. He has lost much of his optimism in losing his own conviction of safety.

There are, indeed, few such optimists today. Their Utopia has ended in a shambles, and their bogus optimism with it. Twice within the memory of people still young, the system of balanced equilibrium has lost its balance and precipitated the countries poised on it into ruin. Most former champions of that system now unite in condemning it. Those who until recently were exaggerated nationalists now plead for internationalism: for some welding force or influence more effective than airplanes and speeches, less precarious than the balance of power, more binding than the sort of treaty that lasts only until one of the contracting parties becomes powerful enough to tear it up.

There is a strange unanimity in the voices crying out today upon the system which yesterday they upheld and applauded. Writing in the *New York Times*, Jan Marysak speaks for all: "We are all paying the price of our past mistakes. Europe must find a common denominator on a much higher plane than geographic frontiers or self-centered nationalism."

The answer to this quest is not in the future but in the past. Protestant historians have told us where to look:



In the "deepest darkness of the Middle Ages," all classes were "self-supporting": serfs and peasants were "assured" of "plenty"—what matter how "rude"? All were members of a "world institution"—the "Roman Church"—where "differences of language counted for little" and whose "strength was its democracy." Its doors were opened to rich and poor, noble and serf, in accordance with the teaching that "the Creator distributes His gifts without regard to social classes." "It was the work" of this dark period "to raise the Germanic barbarians to the level of civilization attained by the ancient world" and to Christianize them besides. The artistic and literary fruits of those ages of darkness, oppression, and superstition could still be seen in the cathedrals, art galleries, and libraries of Europe prior to the destruction loosed by the Age of Enlightenment in 1940. The "poor and sick" were cared for as part of the "practical side" of the piety "characteristic" of those "backward and ignorant centuries."

In contrast with this dark and unhappy time, says another Protestant historian, the Reformation ushered in the modern age of "progress." An immediate result of the movement was the crushing of the peasants' revolt with "pitiless cruelty," after which "the peasants of Germany sank into a state of oppression exceeding anything known elsewhere in Western Europe." Germany fell into "moral decay." "Absolute monarchy was the new government." The kings became "undisputed masters in both church and state." An

industrial and commercial society in due course replaced the agricultural order of previous centuries, with the result that "grinding poverty" was too frequently the "lot of the unemployed."

Thereafter no person could be "assured" of even the rudest "plenty." The system of "balanced equilibrium," replacing the "medieval conception of universal empire," made inevitable wars of "national aggrandizement" with a consequent destruction of life and property that "cannot ever be estimated."

To check and, indeed, reverse such "progress" is now the chief concern of everyone:

"Europe must find a common denominator on a much higher plane than geographic frontiers or self-centered nationalism." Europe has such a "common denominator" at hand. "The Church" once furnished "a bond of union between European peoples." The Church was a great "international state," a "world institution." It underlay the "medieval conception of universal empire," destroyed, not by any political conqueror or ruler, but by Martin Luther. Protestant authorities I have quoted leave us in no possible doubt that the Reformation, which ended the religious unity of Europe, ended also the political unity essential for lasting peace.

Impelled by disaster, statesmen seek to establish political unity among the nations without restoring the spiritual unity which was its foundation.

This cannot be done.

# The Price Poland Paid

Condensed from the *Polish Review*\*

**First to fight**, Poland as a nation has, on the basis of population figures, suffered more terrible losses than any other of the United Nations.

More than 28% of the population, some 10 million persons in a country whose prewar census showed 35 million, have been killed, deported, or wounded or are missing.

Military losses total 1,045,000 casualties. During the September, 1939, campaign in Poland, the Polish armed forces suffered 831,000 casualties, including 220,000 killed and wounded, 420,000 prisoners taken to camps in the Reich, 181,000 prisoners taken by the Russians, and the remainder interned in several countries then neutral.

Since then, in the Norwegian and French campaigns of 1940, the Libyan campaign of 1941-42, the Italian campaign of 1944, and on the western front, up to Dec. 31, 1944, the Polish Army lost more than 32,000 men. The Air Force and Navy lost more than 2,400.

Of 460,000 Polish soldiers held as prisoners of war in the Reich, 400,000 were used for forced labor, while 60,000, including 17,000 officers, are in prison camps.

Casualties of the Polish Home Army, recognized by the U.S. and Great Britain as an integral part of the Polish armed forces, with full belliger-

ent status, total more than 180,000 killed, wounded or missing.

Of 9 million civilian casualties suffered by Poland, 5 million, 14% of the population, were killed, or starved or perished in concentration camps. Approximately 3 million of this number were Jews exterminated in German lethal and torture chambers and death camps. The German practice of taking first five, later 100 Polish hostages for every German victim of the Polish Underground accounts in part for the high figures. Two million Poles, men, women, and children, met mass death or were executed as hostages in concentration camps or prisons, or merely starved to death. Many paid with their lives for participating in the Underground.

Still others were killed in punitive expeditions staged by the enemy in the guise of retaliatory measures. Such expeditions were carried out against 800 Polish villages, of which 300 were totally destroyed and the entire population murdered.

More than 3 million Poles have been deported to Germany since Poland was occupied in 1939, deportees including able-bodied men, women, and children taken for slave labor or men forcibly drafted into the *Wehrmacht*.

Poles deported to Russia total about 1,230,000, of whom some 150,000 men, women, and children were evacuated

\*516 5th Ave., New York City, 22. April 12, 1945.

after the Polish-Russian pact of July, 1941. About 150,000 men were drafted into the Red Army. Some 270,000 perished in the Soviet Union, while another 662,000 taken to Russia are still unaccounted for.

Poland's economic losses have been equally tragic. To make room for German colonists and to incorporate various territories into the Reich, the Germans had deported some 1,500,000 Poles from the western provinces into the former Government-General, while an additional 200,000 Poles were deported from the vicinities of Lublin and Zamosc.

The actual deportation was carried out in a most brutal manner. The Poles were not given time to prepare, nor were they allowed to take anything with them except a few personal ar-

ticles. The population of the Government-General itself was constantly being shifted about. Almost one-third of the population had to leave their homes at some time or another during the war. In their places, the Germans imported a million German colonists.

The basis of the German economic policy in Poland from the moment of occupation was that the Polish state, private property, and the entire Polish economy, production, and manufacture were at the disposal of the *Herrnvolk*. The total economic loss suffered by Poland runs into billions of dollars.

Thus has Poland suffered in contributing her full measure to the Allied war effort, the greatest sacrifice in her history and one that all Poles pray will not have been made in vain.



We have a yardstick for a just and honorable peace, one yardstick and one only. Christ in one emphatic sentence gave it to us. Pope Pius, in a sentence carefully kept out of newspaper headlines, specifically states how Christ's yardstick must be applied to this war.

In his Christmas message of 1943, Pope Pius sternly warns the statesmen: "Do not ask from any member of the family of peoples, however small or weak, for the renunciation of substantial rights or vital necessities which you yourselves, if it were demanded of your people, would deem impracticable."

That supreme and final yardstick of justice was laid down nearly 2,000 years ago when Christ on the Mount said: "All things therefore whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them. For this is the law and the prophets."

Austin J. App in *Our Sunday Visitor* (8 April '45).

# What GI's Laugh At

By JOE E. BROWN

Condensed chapter of a book\*

Top-notch comedian Joe E. Brown traveled 150,000 miles on and over all the battle fronts of the world. After his own son Don was killed he set out to entertain other people's boys wherever he found them.

It wasn't that I'm such a whale of a comedian. Hmmm-umh, I wasn't ever fooled about that, even when they applauded so you could have heard them a mile away, when they yelled my name until the very stars in the sky must have heard it, when a hospital in Hawaii had kids hanging from every window and crowded from every balcony shouting, "So long, Joe," and "Thanks for everything, fella." I didn't fool myself that that was *me*. I knew what it was all right.

It was American kidhood, the noisiest, cheerfulest, make-the-best-of-it race on earth.

Take, for instance, the Guadalcanal mosquito joke. (Mosquitoes out there are as big as they're supposed to be in New Jersey.) You couldn't be on the island a half hour before a couple of kids would tell this joke to you, and they'd laugh and laugh. A dozen kids must have told it to me during the first afternoon I was there. When I did my show it popped into my head to give them their own joke, so I said, half ribbing them:

"Say, fellas, did you hear about the mosquito that landed on the bomber

strip at the airfield yesterday? The boys put in 90 gallons of gas before they realized it wasn't a P-38."

They roared; they screamed; they stamped and slapped each other's backs. By golly, it was their old friend the mosquito joke and they were tickled to death to see him!

But the sad part is that unless you know how to prevent it, humor runs downhill. Like water, it seeks its lowest level. If somebody isn't around to pass out new material, jokes deteriorate. Like everything else that's used too much, jokes get dirty. And when the jokes get dirty everything else gets dirty.

That's why I took my job so seriously. Because, with everything else I believe, I have faith that people honestly prefer things clean. And everywhere I went in all those miles I have traveled, I proved over and over that kids want good humor, and clean humor.

But right now I want to tell about the gooney birds. I'd like to see a Congressional medal awarded to the gooney birds, for nobody will ever be able to measure what those crazy animals did to save the sanity of our kids.

Everywhere I went in the Pacific I was the first comedian who had ever come to entertain the boys. Everywhere but at Midway. The gooney birds were ahead of me there, and they

\*Your Kids and Mine. 1944. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York City, 20. 192 pp. \$2.



had the situation well in hand. They originated there, as near as I can make out. They must be the funnybone of the whole universe, for you can't look at a gooney bird without busting out laughing.

A gooney bird is the silliest thing in creation, and Midway is their paradise. They live there in droves, and they have accepted our boys completely. I shouldn't be surprised if the gooney birds secretly believe our kids were sent to Midway as a kind of comic relief for *them*. Fact is, the kids and the birds have made pets of each other.

Nobody could have thought up such a bird; he's one and one half feet tall, and he's good-natured from his cowl to his pigeon toes. He goes around in rags like Joe Jackson, the tramp with the aristocratic airs in old vaudeville days. He combines absurdity with dignity, like a deacon on a drunk. When he flies he flops. He flies as if he were riding a bicycle uphill. When he lands on the water he puts out his neck and skates on his belly. When he lands in the dirt he often forgets he's got to use a different technique, so he skids across the sand on his double chin, and then he gets up and looks around reproachfully, as if somebody shoved him. He does that over and over, for one lovable trait about a gooney bird, one thing that makes him kin to the rest of us, is that he never learns anything.

That's a mean thing to say about a gooney, and I'd be in wrong with the whole Navy if I picked on a gooney bird. He does learn. He has learned

stunts from our own airplanes. A gooney bird can't take off with the wind, and he never could understand why our boys want him to try. The kids chase 'em with the wind sometimes, and the birds try to take off, and down they flop. Then they get up and shrug their shoulders philosophically.

When we got our runways built, the gooneys were tickled to pieces. That showed 'em the right direction for taking off into the wind, just as our planes do. In fact, the gooneys got the idea that we built the runways for them. They just allow the planes to use 'em.

Once while I was there the kids gave a gooney a tablespoonful of liquor. And immediately, but immediately, he was drunk as a lord and twice as gooney as he usually is. He swaggered over to the runway as if he owned the outfit. He made a large gesture with his wings, then staggered and fell on his face. But he got up with great dignity, like a man making an after-dinner speech, and tried it again, waddling from side to side, with a mad glint in his eye and a drunken cackle waving behind him like a comic-strip balloon.

The gooneys put on a swell show for spectators, and nobody's ever been able to figure out what it means. Kids spend hours trying, and that's all to the good, for it amuses 'em and breaks the monotony. This crazy pantomime will often be going on in 50 or 100 couples all at the same time, all over the island. Two gooneys face each other, carrying on a weird dialogue of squawks and catcalls. One of the birds



claps his long beak in the other's face and then turns around coyly as if he were going to hide his head. They stand motionless a moment, and then the coy gooney starts walking in a circle all around the other one, in a rocking-chair kind of motion, mumbling and muttering, and occasionally letting out a hysterical giggle. The partner in this strange performance stands with his feet motionless, but he pivots his head through the whole circle, looking as if he is wringing his own neck.

Quite often a third gooney on the sidelines decides he'd like to play. So he ankles up in a bashful fashion and tries to get in the game. At this both gooneys turn on him and stare him out of countenance. He backs away, looking crestfallen and apologetic, looking, in fact, the way we've all felt when we blundered in somewhere out of turn. His friendly smile fades and he hangs his head, and the other gooneys keep staring indignantly at him, and finally they let out a yell, and darned if it doesn't sound like Durante croaking, "Everybody wants ta get into da act!"

The kids make up all kinds of unholy things the gooneys say to each other: remarks about officers, insults about the chow, comments on this and that. Anything anybody wants to blame on a gooney is okay, but don't let anybody actually pick on a gooney. "A gooney was telling me the other day . . ." the kids say when they want to pass on some tall story.

Before I got to Midway the gooneys were the only comedians. When I ar-

rived I became just one of them. I was the gooney birds' favorite son, the one who had got out into the world and now was back visiting the old home town. I was the local gooney-bird boy who had made good.

Certain things you can mention, and you need only *mention* them, and you get a laugh from our kids. They come to the shows to laugh and they *laugh*. If a comedian didn't know better he'd think he was powerful good.

Brooklyn is one of the things that always brings a laugh. I didn't know why, but it's sure-fire.

If I'd say (and I usually did), "Any guys from Brooklyn here?" that was certain to get a laugh.

And sure enough, there would always be at least one kid from Brooklyn. The kids from Brooklyn surely are fighting in this war. They and the boys from Texas. I don't know why it is. Practically every gang I ever asked had a kid from Texas and one from Brooklyn.

I'd mention this fact, and perhaps I'd say, "Must be the same size, those two states, Brooklyn and Texas." That would double 'em up.

Or perhaps I'd vary the Brooklyn motif like this: "Where you from, brother?" I'd ask a youngster.

"Flint, Michigan," maybe he'll say.

"Oh, Brooklyn, hmm?"

Screams from the audience. I look bewildered; I don't see anything funny.

"No, Flint, Michigan," he says when he can finally be heard. I look pained now. Here's a traitor ashamed of his home town.

"Oh, you don't want to admit it. Don't be afraid, brother. We'll forgive you. You're among friends. Why, I once knew a swell guy that came from Brooklyn. Yes, he did, he really did." Catcalls and boos. "He was an M.P., lovely fellow." This really rolls them in the aisles, only there aren't usually any aisles. But it gets them every time.

In the last war the second lieutenants used to be the butt of Army humor. Now it's the M.P.'s, those stalwart Siamese twins that stand for law and order.

Sometimes I'd be telling them about the "old country," and how different things were now that they were gone away.

"Remember those physicals you fellas took to get in? Well, you can get in much easier now. All they do now, a doctor looks in each ear, and if they can't see each other, pfft, you're in."

They roar at that, and when the din has died down a bit I say, "If they can . . . you're an M.P."

Screeches, yells, and whistles burst out at this. A terrific thunder of delight. Occasionally, an M.P. who is really a good scout will arise and give a mock bow.

"Thank you, my friends," he'll say. "Thanks for the ovation." From then on he's solid.

Once I was waving my arms around in some baseball story and I accidentally jabbed my nose with my fingernail. It didn't hurt, of course, but suddenly I realized my nose was bloody. I stopped what I was doing. I staggered. "I'm wounded. In fact, I'm wounded,"

I said. They laughed, and I looked reproachful.

"Fine thing. You wouldn't laugh when a comrade has been wounded!" I saw then that the gag was going over, so I began ad-libbing something like this:

"Just a minute, kids. You're seeing history being born. This may not look like anything to you, just a mere nothing. But wait until you read about it. When I get home this incident will have grown into something. Brother, how it will grow!" They roared.

"I'll give interviews to newspapers, the March of Time, *Life* magazine, *Look*, *Pic*, full pages of pictures. 'Lieut. Joe E. Brown leads advance on 14,000 Japs!' " The more they laughed the more I gave it to them. I imitated the March of Time's voice now as I reported the engagement. "The Jap infantry, Captain Joe E. Brown, marching at the head of his outnumbered forces. The Jap machine guns, pop-pop, ack-ack, bang-bang-bang. All hell breaks loose. And then they get him—a military objective, the nose of Major Joe E. Brown. It's shot away! He's down! He's up! His men rally round him into the valley of death. 'Colonel Brown, suh, you're wounded—nigh unto death. You can't go on, suh. Your nose is gone, suh!' And General Joe E. Brown says, 'My nose may be gone, but I still smell, don't I?' And his loyal men answer, 'Right, General, you sure do.'" Then I lapsed into Raymond Gram Swing's oily ointment. I told about the Purple Heart being awarded to our five-star general, Joe E. Brown.

Then I was myself again. A bit wistful and sad, because all these fine pals of mine weren't going to be able to see Generalississimo Joe E. Brown get the Purple Heart—and the liver and the lungs.

They love stuff like that, but it doesn't sound like much as I sit here and write it. Those darn silly kids screamed themselves hoarse through all this craziness. Matter of fact, it went over so well that I tried several times later to give myself another bump on the nose, for a nose is a small thing to give for a laugh. But somehow I never could get any blood again.

Now here, I guess, is the place to tell you about the dirty story. It happened at Dodbodura, which is a little tip of land in New Guinea. We had to do our shows down there in daytime, of course, because at night we couldn't have any lights. There were about 1,800 kids in that section, and on this afternoon there must have been 1,400 or 1,500 of them gathered down at one end of the airfield where the crews could be handy to their planes if trouble started dripping from the sky.

It had been a very long show, for those kids were simply starved for some fun. Every time I got ready to stop they'd scream and applaud and make me go on. I'd just about reached the end, but they kept shouting.

"Listen, you silly jerks," I said, "that's all I know."

"Give us more, Joe," they roared.

"Look't this head of mine," I said. "Only holds about so much, the human head. Maybe if I'd got a bigger

head, maybe if I'd been more successful, I *would* have a bigger head, but this is all the old bean holds."

They kept up the racket, and then there was a little slit of silence in the noise, as sometimes happens, and way back on the edge of the crowd a youngster shouted:

"Hey, Joe, tell us some dirty stories."

You could have heard a pin drop, and not a rolling pin either. The kids looked at me, every one of 'em. I could feel 'em wondering what I was going to do. I stood there a minute, not quite knowing myself how to turn it off. And then I just forgot I was a comedian. I said to them, just the way I'd have said it to my own sons:

"Listen, you kids. I've been on the stage since I was ten years old. I've told all kinds of jokes to all kinds of people. I've been in little flea-bitten vaudeville theaters and in big first-class houses. I've been in movies, I've made 65 pictures in my life. And there's one thing I've been proud about. In all that time I've never had to stoop to a dirty story to get a laugh."

They were still quiet. They looked a little guilty, then, the way kids do when somebody speaks out loud about something like this. Funny thing, nobody gets embarrassed at badness any more, but most of us get downright embarrassed at the other thing.

"I know some dirty stories, kids. I've heard plenty of 'em in my life. I could tell them to you fellows if I wanted to. But I made a rule a long time ago that I'd never tell a story that I couldn't want my mother to hear me telling."

Then the applause came. Not just a trickle of it. Nope. The biggest, noisiest gale of hand clapping I've ever heard anywhere. It went on and on. Seemed to me it went on for five minutes. And back on the edge of the crowd, the youngster who had asked for the dirty story was applauding with the rest of them. He was clapping his hands off.

It didn't end there, either. Archbishop Spellman says that within two weeks after that happened in New Guinea he heard about it in North Africa, halfway around the world. There's something inspiring and heartening about that to me; shows that good news travels as fast as bad news, and people are just as eager to pass along something good as the other plentiful stuff.

Then the letters began coming to me from parents. You'll never guess how many people back home sat down and wrote to tell me what their boy

had said about that afternoon. Most of them thought nobody else would ever get around to telling me, and they wanted me to know.

I've got a big folder of those letters, and I wouldn't take anything for them. They made the whole trip worth doing, from my point of view. There are letters from all kinds of people. Ten chaplains wrote to me; there were simple letters carefully spelled out on ruled tablet paper by people who don't often take pen in hand; there were typewritten letters from prominent men whose sons had been in that crowd; some people sent me the boys' own letters. And more than one said: "I'm going to pray for you every night for the rest of my life for what you've done for my boy."

They said things like that to a big-mouthed goon of a comedian like me!

You're swell people here in America. No wonder you've sent out a swell bunch of kids to clean up the world.



"Will shoot baby if we must," advertised a desperate young couple hunting for a small furnished apartment in one of our modern American cities. The ad brought 20 answers with added appeal to "let the baby live."

An infantryman from Utica, N. Y. was munching an apple as he helped mop up resistance in a small European town. He threw the core down a cellar stairway and out jumped a scared nazi thinking it was a hand grenade.

J. M. Vosburgh, O.S.M. in *Novena Notes* (30 March '45).



# Song of the Vestments

By J. P. DE FONSEKA

Symbols of reality

Condensed from the Ceylon Catholic Messenger\*

**Says the amice:** I am a portion of plain white linen, oblong in shape, and first of the vestments to be donned. With the long tabs at the two upper ends of me I am bound down, the thin strips crossing upon the breast and at the back and brought into a knot in front. But before this tying down, I touch the tonsured head for a moment, then come down to my rest upon the shoulders.

I may be called a veil even still; for a veil I was used when the men held Him, mocked at Him, struck Him, blindfolded Him, smote His face and asked Him, saying, "Prophecy, who is it struck Thee?" Lord, what a fate for some serving-man's sweaty kerchief, napkin, scarf, rag or what not. And now I am as a helmet of salvation. I frighten off the devil's onsets.

Poor little Caiphas and poor little Annas, all the memory of you is a rag, now the sacred *amictus*, *superhumeral*, *amabologium*. Not in your dreams could you have thought it, big fellows Caiphas and Annas.

**Says the alb:** I am a garment whole and entire, reaching from head to foot, large and loose, and fitted with sleeves; and you size me up by the size of the wearer. Of course I am and should be white, for I am alb, which is to say, white. I was an ancient undergarment for Greek and Roman. Tunic they call-

ed me. I am tied at the neck and then, for the rest, I hang down to the ankles.

As the second of the sacred paraphernalia I am still an undergarment and so will remain. In the Gospel I have mention: "And Herod with his army set Him at nought, and mocked Him, putting on Him a white garment, and sent Him back to Pilate. And Herod and Pilate were made friends that same day."

The white garment of this text I am, brain wave of Herod Antipas, the frivolous, the incestuous, criminal before God and man, shadow of a king and a born fox. For derision he put this piece of his royal underwear as the Lord's outerwear, and so got himself the affection of Pilate; and so the powers of all hell met and kissed. Poor little Herod Antipas, your specimen of underwear is your only memory, but not in the manner intended by you.

My virtue is my whiteness; I am the symbol in all the years after the Lord of the clean heart washed white in the Blood of the Lamb and worthy of the enjoyment of blessings forevermore. "As white as the alb" will remain ever after a way of speaking. *Alba*, *dealba*.

**Says the girdle:** *Cingulum*, *balteus*, *zona*, call me what you will, but I am a cord and I am bound at the waist, once, twice round but still have plenty of me left. I am also white. I also was a piece

\*Colombo, Ceylon. Jan. 21, 1945.



of everyday wear among the Greeks and Romans and I served to hold their tunics tight. So I do to this day.

I hold up the alb; short wearers of the alb are thankful there is a cord to hitch up their unexpended balance of alb. If my colleague, the alb, flows, I am the one to check the overflow. Breadthwise also I am a boon to many a sparer wearer of the alb.

I am thus the symbol of checks and restraints. The ancient man of action was so girt about his girth with the girdle. So the Christian man of action curbs his human impulses, excesses of the flesh with the girdle of purity; withers up the growths of lust and fares forth, a man of continence and chastity, to the supreme Action, like another Christ, *alter Christus*.

Says the maniple: I relate to the arm or hand; and so I am lefthanded and there is no right. I am the first of the *paramenta* to enjoy color and richness of material and the working on the stuff of me of symbols and signs of sacred intent. I remain loose on the left arm passing through me, on the hither side of the elbow, and thus I am in suspension. The Lord was bound upon his capture, and I recall it as a handcuff made of cloth.

They say, and let them say, that in an earlier time, when the stuff of me was not stiff and elaborate but soft and pliant, a use of me was to wipe the eyes of the wearer (who did so with his right hand) if perchance he wept, for some reason. So I am called the maniple of lamentation. I am to carry the burden of penitence. And I also carry

a reminiscence of David's word: "Going, they went and wept, casting their seeds. But coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves (*manipulos*)."

Says the stole: I am a long thin strip worn hanging from round the neck and crossed upon the breast, I also am rich and colorful and exquisitely wrought. From all which, they say, I was, in the beginning, an adjunct (they are not quite precise as to what) of female apparel.

Did a Roman *grande dame* wear the like of me *a la scarf*? I am not minded to remember this, though indeed, the Holy Word says that the Lord has ordered His saints and laid upon them the stole of glory, and this would mean a garment indicative of celestial rank or designation. Let this be.

But with girdle and maniple, I also represent the cords and bonds where-with the Lord was held bound for His passion, and these material things, that is to say we, are to share in His everlasting glory.

For that reason I, the stole, am the stole of immortality, of which the first human pair were deprived by their sin, and which was restored by the Lord's redemption. I am then a property lost and found, forfeited and won back again, granted and regranted. Let it now keep its second tenure for evermore.

Says the chasuble: I am the top garment of the man of God fully vested for the Action. I derive from the everyday or workaday garment of the Roman on his journeys or military expedi-

tions. I am in color, any one of five, richly wrought of rich material and bearing the pattern of a large cross.

I am the memory of the mantle, and in the Gothic style am ample and spacious and cover the whole person, falling in a lavish overflow over the shoulders and covering the arms.

In the Gospels I have mention. Poor little Pilate, I remain, sartorially speaking, the only memory of you, for your soldiers, stripping Him, put a scarlet cloak on Him, clothed Him with purple, put on Him a purple garment.

Symbolists say, and let them say, I am the symbol of charity, which is eminent above all virtues or of good works or of sacerdotal justice or humility or charity or peace which are to cover and adorn the priest on every side. All these may well be.

But more apposite than these is the figure of the yoke of the Lord, who said: "My yoke is sweet and my burden light." Let the wearer of the casula be strong to carry this burden, and then strength certainly shall follow, if He but lend His grace.



## Teach Them To Be Human

By MARTIN CROWE

Condensed from *America*\*

In my history class we discussed the case, factual or fictional, of an American lieutenant said to have machine-gunned some surrendering Italian prisoners as they approached him upon one of the European beachheads. I chose to regard this officer as probably mentally irresponsible for a grossly immoral action of which he would not be capable in normal circumstances. Mine was a minority report.

"He did right," said one student. "You can't trust the enemy. The Japs have proved that. Safety first is the only rule to remember."

This boy plays tackle on the football

An apostle's creed  
there is no right. I am the first of the  
team (which I coach). He is a nice boy. He has a pleasant smile. He is a better-than-average student.

"There are some things which are wrong," I said, taken rather off guard, "by their very nature. Nothing, not even reasons of security or personal safety, can make them right."

"The enemy doesn't recognize rules of right and wrong. If we attempt to, we'll be at a disadvantage." This from a short, blonde girl, an A student and co-editor of the school paper.

"Are we going to let the enemy set our behavior? Isn't it just because he has shown so few moral concepts that

\*329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25, March 24, 1945.

we are fighting him? Isn't that what this war is all about: decency, justice, morality, and belief in God?" Vaguely I felt that, somehow, I was combating the radio and the movies and comic strips and, probably, the youngsters' fathers and mothers. I kept on realizing that what I was saying was true.

And yet I now began to sense that it was mostly strange doctrine to the students; that some had never bothered to think, beyond the fact that if you shoot a man before he shoots you, his arguments or principles will never bother you.

"Look, Doris," I was becoming a little angry, knew it, and wanted to hold it in check, "If you are in competition with someone and he breaks the Ten Commandments to defeat you, does that justify you in doing the same?"

I thought that would stop her. She was a gay but good girl, her uncle a minister.

"You've got to get along in this world. You've got to take care of yourself," said Doris.

And with that I could almost hear the silent chorus of approval that went up from that high-school class. Suddenly the anger inside me was boiling over, something no teacher is ever supposed to let happen.

"Listen," I said, "You've got to take care of yourself. Sure. But not when you hurt someone else who doesn't deserve it. We're studying history, and what is history except the record of a lot of scientific and technical advances man has made without an adequate

advance socially? What is history but the story of countless men and nations who were never interested in doing anything except what helped themselves? And the misery they brought to the world because of that view?"

"That's how Alexander looked at it. And Caesar, Attila, Genghis Khan, Napoleon. And Bismarck and the Kaiser and Hitler. Is that all we've got to offer, the same bill of fare they had? Might makes right? Is that our answer?"

"I hope not. I hope our answer is Christ's answer when He told us that all men are our brothers and we are our brother's keeper. I hope we believe Lincoln when he said that just as he would not be a slave, so he would not be a master."

The bell rang then and the students grabbed their books and fled. I suspect there was a welter of dazed, vaguely amused discussion in the halls.

"What in the world was he talking about?"

"Old boy sure was wound up, wasn't he?"

I sat there a long time that afternoon. A few students came in to pick up their books, glance curiously at me, and depart. The early winter evening began to close in. Still I sat there. A lot of things paraded before my mind. How many students had asked me, one time or another, "What good will history ever do me? I'll never use it after I'm through school." In other words, what is the value of your product in dollars-and-cents potential?

"I'm going to be a stenographer,

Mr. Crowe. What do I need history for?" I could see her still, the bright girl in Minnesota with the notebook, willing to listen to an answer, confident there was none.

But suddenly I knew there was an answer. School boards didn't know it; history was taught because it had always been taught, as far as school boards were concerned. Superintendents didn't know it, except a rebel now and then. America didn't know it. But suddenly I knew it. I should have said:

"You're not going to be a stenographer, Julia. That may be what you will work at. But what you are going to be is a human being, which is what you are right now. And as a human being you need history for the same reason you need God. Because history is the story of man's struggle for and his failure to comprehend God in this universe. And it is through his story, man's story, that you can learn of his errors and try to avoid them in writing your story. History is the record of man's struggle toward the light. And the Light, Julia, is God."

Julia, I'm sure, would have gripped her notebook a little tighter, smiled nervously, thanked me and departed.

And later she would assure her friends, "He's so funny. I can't make him out. Not at all like Miss Seymour was last year. I could always understand what she meant."

But if I would have confused Julia, consider how I would confuse most of the superintendents I've met or known.

"You will please deal in facts, Mr. Crowe. Dates, places, people, things.

We will leave the theory to others."

"What theory, Mr. Jenkins? And what others?"

"You will be wise to heed my advice, Mr. Crowe."

So back to your books, teacher. Let's turn out some Quiz Kids, eh? Or some cute Information Pleasers. "How many heads had the royal duck of King Henry III? And how many wars did Charlemagne fight? How old was Alexander when he died?"

That's the language the students can understand. Ask us the questions and we'll try to answer no lies. But don't ask us to discuss. Please, teacher, don't ask us to discuss!

I remember the impatience that always greeted me when we considered "ideas."

"What did Will Durant mean when he wrote that a good man who is not great is infinitely more precious than a great man who is not good?"

"Aw teacher!"

"Who is Will Durant, then?"

"Will Durant is an American philosopher."

"What is a philosopher?"

"Aw teacher!"

I remembered the eager boy in Detroit, so anxious to help me out when I was upholding the character of Jews against the assault of many students.

"Barney Ross is a Jew," I had told them, "Franz Werfel is a Jew. Hank Greenberg is a Jew. Einstein is a Jew."

I figured Ross and Greenberg would help anyhow. Then up pops Danny with his face shining, "And how about Roosevelt? And he's a Jew!"

But then, as the darkness crept over the room, I remembered the shining eyes of the girl in the front seat in a Wisconsin school when I finished telling the story of how Socrates had died.

"I'll always remember that," she said.

And I was glad because I believed she would.

And there was the boy in another Wisconsin school who had thrilled to "The Story of Victor" in Maxwell Anderson's *Key Largo* and how he had believed in something greater than himself. And how he had died.

But most of all there was that boy in the small Minnesota school, a sophomore, a student, substitute on the football team, who'd written, "If I go to war, I'll fight clean and think clean. At least I hope I will. That way I may die sooner or be killed easier, but if I do I'll die clean. And I'd rather do that than live dirty."

Remembering that, I know that I, in this year 1945, by grace of God in a position to help form the minds of those who will soon be men, have a solemn duty to teach what is right

rather than what is expedient.

I shall try to show them, if I can and when I can, that a man must live with himself always. And that, rich or poor, big or little, he will appraise himself and know himself for what he is. And that, for him, he must create his own peace by his own life and thoughts and deeds. That is what a teacher is for.

And as for "winning the peace" in the world, I shall try to show, and I shall pray that I succeed, that world peace will be won, if it is won, not by force of arms or by coalitions or blueprints or obliteration of peoples, but by the existence in the world of men of a disposition that deserves peace. For peace will come to us only if we are deserving; and if we are not, nothing then can guarantee it. And right now, as any one who looks about with a fair and open mind must admit, we are not really deserving of very much that is good.

I am not teaching my students to be secretaries or scientists but to be human beings, not so much to be great as to be good, not so much to fear to "die clean" as to fear to "live dirty."



José is a Marine who was discharged after being wounded severely in the Pacific. He has several decorations and the Purple Heart.

"José came to see me the other day," Father John Birch of Los Angeles explained, "and he was decidedly disturbed. I knew something had gone wrong, and hastily asked if I could help. José frowned, and explained that he had been to the blood bank, because he knew from experience the value of plasma, but had been turned down."

"Darn it, they said I couldn't give any blood because I was under 20."

Courtenay Savage in the *St. Anthony Messenger* (April '45).



# Are Royalties Wrong?

By JOSEPH A. PADWAY

Or is Petrillo right?

Condensed from the *American Federationist*\*

Many editorial writers, radio commentators and employers were agitated over the request of John L. Lewis for a 10c royalty on every ton of coal mined to provide United Mine Workers with "modern medical and surgical service, hospitalization, insurance, rehabilitation, and *economic protection*."

Opponents of this proposal invariably referred to President James C. Petrillo of the American Federation of Musicians, and the demand made upon manufacturers of musical records for  $\frac{1}{4}$ c royalty on every 35c record the music for which was rendered by members of the American Federation of Musicians, which sum was to be paid directly to the union as and for an "employment fund."

The outcry against union royalties is one of industry's loudest wails in decades. The heads of the unions are maligned as "dictators," dire predictions made that labor will take over industry. Some go as far as to call the union's viewpoint economic "revolution." Most antagonists finish up with the touching appeal that the poor consumer will have to bear this "great" royalty burden.

With respect to this last pitiful touch, one wonders at the crocodile tears shed by editorialists, commentators, and others for the consumer. No such tears flowed when hundreds of

newspapers in the country decided to raise the price of a 3¢ newspaper to 5¢, thus increasing the price  $66\frac{2}{3}\%$  a day to consumers.

Records are not purchased daily by millions of consumers; they might well be classed as a semi-luxury. A newspaper is a daily necessity. The increase from 3c to 5c on daily newspapers in Washington, D. C., alone takes from consumers more money a year than the  $\frac{1}{4}$ c per record takes from consumers in all the cities of the U. S. per year. Furthermore, the royalty on records was fixed so low that the companies manufacturing records admitted before the War Labor Board that it could be easily absorbed from profits earned without passing it on to the consumer.

So confused and untruthful has the discussion become, that one congressman introduced a bill to prohibit payment of anything but members' dues to a union. This is one of the most absurd legislative proposals ever made in the field of industrial relations. For it would also prohibit employers from contributing to pension, insurance, medical or health plans, or entertainment or athletic setups.

Having acted as Petrillo's counsel in negotiations with record manufacturers, I am familiar with the opposition arguments. When the American Federation of Musicians presented its pro-

\*American Federation Bldg., Washington, 1, D. C. April, 1945.

posal, the companies submitted objections in writing. A study of the objections and Mr. Petrillo's reply will, I think, adequately demonstrate the justice of the union royalty.

It is well to remember that insofar as musicians are concerned, technological devices have displaced thousands of musicians; the devices are made by members of the American Federation of Musicians; and in the making of them those members throw thousands of their fellow members out of employment. For instance, when film sound came into operation, within a year 18,000 to 22,000 musicians in theaters lost employment. Yet the music on film sound was furnished by a few members of the Musicians' Union; it was their work that displaced thousands of fellow members. Again, certain companies furnish music by telephone to restaurants formerly employing musicians, causing thousands of musicians to lose employment, as this wired music is produced by sundry mechanical devices, telephone wires, and phonograph records. Some such companies do not employ one musician.

Are not union members within their legitimate rights in seeking to protect their fellow members and themselves from loss of employment caused by work performed by a few members of the union? Does the union owe a duty to all members to protect their employment? Is not such a duty a primary principle of trade unionism?

When the proposal was first advanced by the American Federation of Musicians to the employers, they an-

swered that the proposal "assumes that a specific industry owes a special obligation to persons not employed by it—an obligation based only on such persons' membership in a union." We responded by stating that the American Federation of Musicians did not so predicate its proposal. We pointed out that insofar as recorded music is concerned we were dealing with a particular kind of industry, namely, one built up exclusively by a mechanical invention that displaces human labor. Further, we showed employers we deal solely with workers who are not employed in their craft precisely because of creation and expansion of such an industry.

There is nothing unique nor revolutionary in the philosophy the American Federation of Musicians espouses. It simply states that those who benefit from the displacement of human labor should share the burden of the cost to the displaced workers. Those workers are entitled to relief not because they happen to be members of a union, but solely because they happen to be victimized by the thing which benefits others. Their union membership does not give them the right; it merely provides the means whereby they seek to enforce an elemental right. As put by Dr. Isador Lubin, U. S. Commissioner of Labor:

"I think one thing is evident, as shown by the testimony before this committee, that everybody is agreed the displaced worker should not bear the cost. I personally think that the cost should be borne by those who

benefit from displacement. I think that industry, which profits by these displacements, and consumers who profit by this displacement should share some of the burden with the displaced worker."

That is a statement of our basic principle. Once that principle is thoroughly understood, other criticisms, such as were made by the employers in the record-manufacturing business, are readily dissipated. As an instance, a further employer objection to the plan was that it "obstructs technical progress." Alarm was expressed over the "damage which might be done to the whole field of technical and technological improvement if the manufacturer of any new device were to be saddled with the costs of special unemployment relief." But the proposal of the American Federation of Musicians does not obstruct technical progress. All it will obstruct will be the ravages and the misery inflicted upon countless human beings under a *laissez-faire* doctrine which has given unrestrained license and liberty to those who commercially exploit inventive genius.

The language of Professor Sumner Slichter of the Harvard School of Public Administration is most apt:

"For two centuries now we have permitted the Juggernaut of industrial revolution to run wild. We have developed institutions which subsidize change on an enormous scale and which cause it to occur far more rapidly than in any previous age. And yet we have failed, for the most part, to

recognize that change presents a major social problem; we have made almost no effort to keep down the cost of change or to prevent change from occurring at a wastefully rapid rate.

"Almost without raising a little finger to prevent it, we have permitted the development of industry to wreck thousands of lives and to produce an enormous human scrap heap. After two centuries of industrial revolution, is it not high time that we recognize that change is bound to occur too rapidly and to produce misery unless it is intelligently directed, and unless men are assisted to adjust themselves to their new environment? Is it not high time that we recognize that change is now occurring on such a vast scale that we can no longer simply permit it to happen regardless of the consequences which it produces?"

A further criticism asserted by the employer was that the proposal "subsidizes nonemployees." This criticism reflected a misunderstanding of the essential premise upon which the union based its proposal. It is, of course, evident that any new invention which develops into an industry will give new employment. It is not those new employees who benefit from the invention with whom we are concerned. It is those who are displaced with whom we are concerned.

The employers argued most forcefully that the proposal was unjustified because it "duplicates government relief." That argument, of course, was wholly without merit. The union was not discussing the general problem of

unemployment which the federal and state security plans seek to mitigate. The union was concentrating all its attention upon a specific unemployment problem, namely, unemployment in the music industry brought about by any mechanical device which is the source of profit to those who make, sell, and use it.

To say that any private system of unemployment relief "would be in direct conflict with" government plans for social-security measures, and that it would create "serious inequities," is to use meaningless words and to brush aside many such existing plans. It would be as preposterous as suggesting that since the government prescribes a minimum wage, no private employer should pay more than that wage because it would be in conflict with the government plan or result in a serious inequity. Even if there were any substance to the argument, many musicians put out of work by canned music are not eligible for government relief, and such relief as is accorded under present government plans is inadequate.

The companies urged, further, that the union's proposal is one that can only properly come from the "people of the U. S." through "the people's representatives in Congress," contending that only Congress should answer the question of technological unemployment.

Unions, however, refuse to accept the suggestion so often made by employers that the time has been reached when any constructive advance in our

social devices must be initiated by the government. That sort of totalitarianism is wholly foreign to our ideals and completely at odds with history. It is an axiomatic historical principle that legislation is never created in a vacuum, but is the culmination of the accumulated experience of private individuals and groups. It will be a sorry day, indeed, when changes and advances in our social patterns must await governmental initiative.

Then the employers asserted that the Treasury Department would prevent them from "diverting" the money to an unemployment fund. This, of course, was unfounded because the diversion of money by the employer to the unemployment fund contemplated could no more be prevented by the Treasury Department than it could prevent diversion of employers' funds for pensions, insurance, or medical plans for workers and their families in private industry. Then the companies contended the Treasury Department would not regard such payment as a deductible expense in reporting income. We pointed out that it would regard the payment as a deductible item in the same manner as it regards obsolescence funds as a deductible expense. And the Treasury Department promptly upheld our interpretation.

Business has always been more fertile in ideas for safeguarding itself against profit and capital losses, resulting from inventions of new machinery or changed production methods, than it has been in devising methods of safeguarding workers from the unemploy-



ment and insecurity those same innovations caused. How can businessmen justifiably complain about a requirement to set up a fund to protect workers against the hazard of technological displacement when they provide the means of protecting their businesses against losses from the premature disposal of their machinery through both their ordinary and extraordinary obsolescence funds, contributions to which are recognized as legitimate additions to production costs reflected in the price to the consumer?

Under the old judicial precepts of "assumption of risk," "fellow servant," and "contributory negligence," the worker used to bear the full cost of industrial accidents. Those harsh rules were replaced by more humane doctrines, and now workmen are insured against industrial accidents by workmen's compensation funds, which are added to the cost of production and thus spread among all who benefit from the production. The same principle lies behind our social security laws in the payment of unemployment compensation and old-age benefits.

The idea of extending this humane principle to the hazard of technologi-

cal displacements of labor is gaining considerable headway. For the most part, thinking on the subject has evolved plans for dismissal compensation. However, such dismissal compensation supplies only limited financial protection to workers displaced by technological changes, because by its very nature it is confined to instances in which the change and the displacement occur within the employment boundaries of a single employer. But seldom are cause and effect so easy to identify. Most often the introduction of a new device by one employer displaces the workers of many other employers.

Moreover, dismissal compensation, while ideally adapted to furnish compensation to a worker for the loss of the equity he has built up in a current job, does not compensate him for the loss of the commercial value of his trade, skill, talent or profession. Nor does it protect him against such loss by providing him with employment in which those skills or talents are preserved.

It is exactly on these points that the principal merits of the Musicians Union's proposal for a reserve employment fund are founded.

The world has set up a new set of Beatitudes. They run something like this: Blessed are the comfortably well off, the cheerful, the highly respected. Blessed are the flattered. Blessed are those who are bored for a good salary on six days in the week and can overeat on the seventh. Blessed are those who are satisfied by the Beveridge plan and are always willing to compromise; blessed are they when all men respect their rights as citizens and forget that they are men, for their reward will not be very great but they will never be unduly disturbed and they will never disturb the complacency of others.

From *The Reed of God* by Caryl Houselander (Sheed, 1944).



# Life in a Mexican Village

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Praiseworthy Protestants

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

In my third summer in Mexico, I gladly accepted the invitation of Padre Antonio J. Rábago to visit with him in Miacatlán in the state of Morelos. Padre Antonio is a mestizo, a mixture of Indian and Spanish blood, as are most of the population. His mother is a pure Aztec Indian, in her 80's, and still ruling her household with kindly but firm hand. His father, of Spanish blood, once a general in the Mexican Army, died many years ago.

Miacatlán is about 100 miles south of Mexico City. The road winds up to La Cima (the summit), altitude 9,895 feet, affording inspiring vistas in every direction. In passing through Tres Marias, the trail begins its downward glide toward Miacatlán, and the *tierra caliente*.

Darkness engulfed Miacatlán when we reached it at 11 o'clock. Padre Antonio guided his Ford through narrow winding streets until we came at last to the church and rectory. These were parts of what had been at one time a Franciscan establishment.

Stretched out upon the porch were the recumbent figures of three *campesinos*, or peasants who work in the fields, sound asleep. It was chilly, but they wore only their work clothes, and had no blankets.

There were no electric lights, no gas lights in the house, for the very good

reason that there was neither electricity nor gas in the town. There wasn't even an oil lamp; a smoking candle was all we had with which to grope our way to our rooms.

After Mass next morning I got a good look at the structures constituting the church plant. Grouped around a patio, the front door opened upon the public plaza. Across the plaza stood a beautiful native chapel, accommodating perhaps 100. The monastery had once housed 15 Franciscan friars who had made Miacatlán a center of missionary activity.

Despite the protests of the simple Indians who loved them, the friars had been driven away by revolutionary leaders, whose favorite pastime was looting churches and monasteries. For years the people were without a priest. When at last Padre Antonio came, he set about making the quarters habitable. Despite scant resources, he was gradually succeeding.

While gazing at the historic structures, around which dwellings were clustered as sheep around a shepherd, I was surprised to encounter an American girl. Wearing nurse's garb, with children tagging her, she was introduced as "Miss American" by Jovita, Padre Antonio's sister and able housekeeper.

"I am Dorothy Schlick," she said.

\*Notre Dame, Ind. April 7, 1945.

"I'm with a group of Americans doing public-health work in Miacatlán and surrounding villages."

"I'm rather startled," I observed, "to learn there are other Americans in a pueblo so far removed from tourist interest."

"We are not tourists," she replied. "We are members of the American Friends' Service committee, a Quaker organization. We bring medicine and spread knowledge of hygiene and public health. The mortality rate is high; much needs to be done."

She was pleasant, gracious. "I'm going over to the clinic," she continued. "Would you like to see our work?"

Across the plaza in the town hall, 12 American girls, with a Mexican doctor and a Mexican nurse, were ministering to scores of children and some adults. Here was an American clinic with the latest in technique, equipment, and medicine. It was inspiring.

Two of the volunteer health workers were from the campus of the University of Illinois, where I had spent nearly a quarter of a century, so I felt at home with the whole group. They were of different faiths, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and other denominations. Three were Hebrew girls. Only a few were Quakers. No Catholic was among them. Ten workers were in a camp at Miacatlán and 12 at Tetecala, nine miles distant. The Miacatlán camp was under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. Clampit, who had given up prosperous farming in Iowa to help Mexican peons.

"Is there a religious angle to your work?" I asked. "Do you do any proselytizing among the natives?"

"No," replied the leader, Betty Mansfield. "We are of widely different faiths ourselves. We do not interfere in any way with the religious life of the people, nearly all of whom are Catholics. We confine our efforts to battling disease."

"Aren't the people somewhat suspicious?" I continued. "Do they wonder what your motive is in coming down to work among them?"

"Yes, especially at the beginning they were. They had heard of American groups elsewhere bent on proselytizing, and wondered if we came for a similar purpose. They know now, however, that we do not tamper with their faith and are here simply to aid them in their unequal struggle with disease."

They are doing a magnificent work, worthy of all praise. Devoid of any tinge of proselytizing, they come at their own expense, meet their own living expenses, and are giving their services without a cent of compensation. They go into the squalid homes of the poor, and teach the mothers vitally important methods and facts about infant hygiene and child care, and antiseptic practices. There may be nobler work being done in Mexico today, but in traveling from one end of the country to the other, I did not see it.

Conditions in Miacatlán are typical of conditions throughout the country generally. Some of the facts are not palatable. Anyone who wishes to un-

derstand Mexico and its problems, however, must glance not only at its scenic beauties, and the picturesque customs of the natives, but also at the stern realities of sickness, disease, suffering afflicting its people. Out of such understanding will come intelligent and effective efforts to help them.

When the American Friends Service Committee (henceforth the AFSC) came to Miacatlán a few years ago, they found a total of five indoor and eight outdoor toilets. Great numbers of the natives are barefooted, so disease germs find ready entrance. The only house having screens was that occupied by the AFSC workers. This discloses why malaria is so widespread in a region in which mosquitoes carry that disease. Ninety per cent suffer from dysentery.

Secondary tuberculosis, meaning a kind of tuberculosis resulting from a run-down condition caused by malaria, is very common. Smallpox and typhoid fever break out intermittently. More than 1,000 deaths in the state of Puebla in 1943 were traceable to smallpox. More than half the population of Miacatlán is suffering from venereal disease.

Drinking water creates a great problem. Only a few families have water piped into their homes. Even that, however, is unfit to drink. Neither filtered nor chlorinated, it abounds in typhoid and amoebic dysentery germs. Most families secure their drinking water from a canal in which dishes and clothes are washed, pigs wallow, and sewage is emptied. In spite of the

urgent pleading of the AFSC workers, not one person in 100 will boil the water, reeking though it be with germs.

There is but one resident physician, and he ministers to patients for miles around.

The AFSC workers have vaccinated 50% for smallpox and 30% for typhoid. Day by day they are struggling to educate the people to cooperate with them to lessen the spread of disease. It is a long, uphill road, the end far from sight.

"Why not enlist the school children in a health campaign?" I asked.

"You're thinking of school conditions in the U. S.," said Nelson Haag, one of the veterans in the Miacatlán camp. "Here the school has but the first four grades and only about 25% of the school-age children attend. We can't lean on the school for much assistance."

About every second day I would be called to a dying child. The mortality rate was higher among infants and children. Fever and pain racked their little bodies. Parents stood by, helpless. When the child died, the parents would place him on a table and cover all but his face with flowers; they would bury him the next day.

Many a time, I could not repress the thought, "Here is a needless death. Here is an innocent victim of the shocking neglect of public hygiene and sanitation. Such conditions should be cleaned up with all possible speed, in justice to the little children, in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in the name of decency."

The department of public health in Mexico has drawn up a splendid program and is struggling to put it into practice. Most physicians, however, are concentrated in the capital. This means that the 18 million in the rest of the republic have less medical care than the 2 million in Mexico City. To correct that grotesque disproportion, the government is now requiring newly graduated physicians to practice for a year or two outside the capital.

In 1932, the Rockefeller Foundation undertook a ten-year program in the state of Morelos to develop a model kind of public-health work. The first year the Rockefeller Foundation paid all the expenses. Each year thereafter they paid 10% less and the Mexican federal and state governments paid 10% more of the total costs. Since 1942 the Mexican government has been defraying all expenses.

The collaboration of the U. S. and Mexican governments, certain to increase from now on, could well be directed toward helping our friendly neighbor to the south solve her most pressing and serious problem, public health. Our aid will be an eloquent expression of our good-neighbor policy, and will bind us still more closely.

Catholics of North America have an additional reason to work toward that objective. The people of Mexico are bound to us by a common faith. We should lead the procession of all Americans going to their succor. The words of Nelson Haag come back to me:

"Father, if you know of some Catholic young men who would be willing

to come down here and join us in our public-health work, we would be happy to welcome them. Their presence among us would show how disinterested are our aims and how far from our minds is any thought of proselytizing. It would bring about greater cooperation and enlarge the field of our usefulness. If they could come down for even a few months, fine. If they could stay six months or a year, all the better. There's no pay, but there's the job of service to those who need it most of all."

Back now at the American Friends Service Committee headquarters, 20 South Fifth St., Philadelphia, 7, Pa., Miss Mansfield writes me: "If from time to time you would care to recommend a well-qualified person for this work, we would be happy to hear from you."

Among my readers may be members of Religious Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods. Perhaps some of them can spend their summers doing health work in Mexico. Doubtless some of their students would assist them. A representative of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, 8400 Pine Rd., Fox Chase, Philadelphia, says that the Society would be interested in training Catholic women to undertake health work in Mexico. All these are possible arms of service.

There is, however, another and a more promising army of potential service. That is the educated Catholic young men and women of Mexico. They know the language, understand the natives, and love them. We hope



that the time is near when thousands of well-trained Catholic men and women will find it possible to enlarge the sphere of their present splendid apostolate to extend it in ever-increasing measure to all the pueblos of Mexico. That would seem to be the ultimate and complete solution. Doubtless that will come when the Church regains her complete freedom, which will

enable her again to minister directly to the educational, social, economic, and hygienic needs of the people with all her Christ-like zeal and effectiveness. Until that culmination is reached, however, there will be an ever urgent need for many of us to spread the oils of healing among our kind and friendly neighbors south of the Rio Grande.



### The Child Without a Country

Sometimes you run across a couple, who have agreed that their children will not be brought up in any religion, but shall be allowed, when the time comes, to choose their own. This sort of agreement shows either a great deal of stupidity or a determination to conquer the world for Beelzebub.

A great deal of stupidity, for if they know anything of human nature and its perversity, of man's proneness to sin, of man's age-old eagerness to justify his sins, they surely cannot escape seeing the inevitable outcome: the child growing up with no knowledge of God, with no restraint upon his evil inclinations, with responsibility to no authority but human authority, without the saving waters of Baptism and the grace of other sacraments is going to become a little pagan in thought and action, or at best an agnostic.

Why not decide to bring up your children with no knowledge of this glorious country of ours? Tell them nothing of our heroic heritage, keep from them the knowledge of our freedoms, our liberties, our laws, and customs, and of the constitution upon which our freedoms and liberties are based; and, when they have reached the age of puberty, let them decide whether they would rather be a citizen of America, of Germany, or Oman or Japan.

This idea seems ridiculous, for a man loves his country and wants his children to do the same, and remain true to that country and enjoy its great blessings. How vastly more should a man love his God, and want his children to do the same.

Thomas Duross in the *Chaplain's Digest* (April '45).



# Purple Heart Battalion

By SIDNEY CARROLL

Condensed from *Coronet*\*

I am many thousands of miles from the Great White Fatherland as I write this, in a place where newspapers are rarities. But in scattered samples of newsprint, I've read stories leading me to believe that friends and relatives back home haven't quite settled the question of race prejudice.

I read in the *Milwaukee Journal* that the Hood River post of the American Legion removed the names of 16 Japanese-Americans from the town's honor roll. I note, too, that the American Legion revoked the charters of two Legion posts because those posts were comprised of Japanese-American veterans of the first World War. I see that the American Legion in Portland, Ore., raised strenuous objections to the efforts of some Portland citizens who volunteered to provide care for a Japanese cemetery. I have read that Fred Howser, an official of the state of California, received letters from newly formed anonymous organizations the members of which have pledged themselves to shoot any Jap on sight. One of those organizations has the motto: "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Curious, because "Remember Pearl Harbor" is also the motto of the famous 100th Battalion, composed of "those little slant-eyed yellow men," the Japanese. They are Nisei, the gen-

eration of Japanese born on American soil and brought up in our American schools. They form a fighting outfit called one of the best in the world by Gen. Mark Clark.

The first time I ever saw any men of the 100th Battalion was in August, 1944. I was bound for Pearl Harbor on a soldier-jammed transport. I saw among the GI's several soldiers with Japanese faces. Dressed in regulation fatigues, they roamed the decks, part of the mob. They were certainly Japanese, but certainly not prisoners. I questioned the Army captain beside me at the rail.

"They're all men from the 100th Battalion," he said.

"All Japs?"

"All Nisei," he said. "There's a difference."

"Where are they coming from?"

"They're going home on furlough, to Hawaii. They've been fighting in Italy for a year."

I said they seemed to have a tired look, and he said, "They're the only men on this ship who've seen any action. Every Nisei you see on this ship is a wounded man."

The ones I saw looked quite intact to me, and I said so. The captain laughed. "You should see them in the showers. In the nude, you can see the

\*Copyright, 1945, by Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Ill. (*Coronet*, May, 1945).

Purple Hearts all over their bodies."

Afterward, in Honolulu, I saw and talked with many of those heroes. The one I was most eager to see was Masao Awakuni, the tank destroyer.

Once, back in Italy, Awakuni rested on one knee in an open field with a bazooka on his shoulder, waiting for a German tank to lumber nearer. When it was 25 feet away he fired and hit the tank but it kept coming. His second shot was a dud. His third shot stopped the tank and killed or wounded every man in it. Another time, near Cassino, Awakuni got so far into the German lines alone that he bumped smack into a Mark IV tank. He finished it off with the first bazooka shot. I saw Awakuni in Honolulu, for he was one of the wounded home on furlough. The 98-pound tank destroyer doesn't look big enough to bust his way out of a paper cup.

In Honolulu I heard wonderful tales about how Nisei won medals. But let me tell you first, briefly, the story of the 100th Battalion.

The story really starts on Dec. 7, 1941, when some 1,400 Nisei were incorporated into the two Hawaiian National Guard regiments. On Dec. 6, those 1,400 young men had been our good friends the Nisei, in whom we had implicit faith. But on Dec. 7, while smoke still rose from the battleships in Pearl Harbor, we took a second look at the Nisei and decided they were something else again. We decided they were Japs. It looked as if those 1,400 would be the last Nisei ever to join our armed forces and it

was doubtful if they would ever be allowed to bear arms.

Then a group of Nisei, business and professional men, met in Honolulu and drew up a petition. They asked for the chance to fight for their country. They wanted to prove they deserved our trust. When the document reached the desk of Hawaii's military governor it cleared away a great deal of fog. We decided to let the Nisei fight. A provisional battalion left Hawaii on June 5, 1942. On its arrival on the west coast of the U. S. the battalion was officially named the 100th Infantry Battalion.

Their commanding officer was Lieut.-Col. Farrant Turner. Half the officers were white, half Nisei, and 5% were university graduates, 25% had some university education, nearly all had graduated from high school. Roughly, 25% were Christians and about the same number Buddhists.

Seeing their ship point eastward, to the U. S., they knew they were aiming ultimately for Europe. Their spirits sank. Our military mentors had blocked their hopes to fight in the Pacific for a good reason. If we had Japanese fighting on our side against Japanese, there was bound to be confusion.

In the U. S., the Nisei were trained first at Camp McCoy, Wis., then at Camp Shelby, Miss. Wherever they went people looked at them curiously at first. But they soon made friends.

On Aug. 21, 1943, the 100th embarked for Oran, North Africa, where they joined the 34th Division. They went into battle at Salerno, taking

their first casualties on Sept. 29 in a delaying action south of Montemillete. Here they rescued 22 paratroopers who had been cut off by Germans.

For 40 days they were part of the Army corps attacking in the Cassino area. They moved first to Anzio, then to Rome, to Belvedere. Casualties were extraordinarily high. They had reached Italy with 1,319 men in September, 1943. In January, 1944, they had about 200 "effectives" left. Reinforcements came from Hawaii.

The 100th had proved they could be trusted, and so our War Department asked 1,500 Nisei in Hawaii to "volunteer" for Selective Service. On Jan. 24, 10,000 eager young Japanese-American volunteers lined up outside the Selective Service offices. The Army accepted 2,875. After preliminary training, those men were shipped to the U. S. to join some 1,200 Nisei from the mainland, forming the 442nd Combat Team. They were trained in Mississippi before shipping out to Italy to reinforce the diminished forces of the glory-stained 100th. In the early summer of 1944, they caught up with the 100th south of Belvedere. Friends and brothers met for the first time in a year. The men of the 100th were tough veterans by that time and the boys of the 442nd were "kids" to them. In two weeks of training they tried to teach the kids all they had learned. The 100th and the 442nd now formed the 442nd Combat Team of the 34th Infantry Division. Although most of the Nisei fighting when the war ended in Europe were never part of the original

100th, the other GI's respectfully refer to all Nisei soldiers as "the 100th."

The Nisei made themselves at home in Italy. On May 1, Lei day in Hawaii, they plucked yellow Italian wild flowers, made leis, and strung them over one another's shoulders. They squatted in circles with their rifles on their laps, played their ukuleles and sang. They peeled the labels from cans of pineapple, and used them as pin-up pictures.

They have many legendary characters, both living and dead. There is Shizuya Hayashi, who climbed a hill alone, poked an automatic rifle into a German machine-gun nest and killed nine Germans. Then he spied a German antiaircraft battery. He swung his automatic into action, and killed nine more Germans. Four remaining Germans started to run. He captured them.

There is also the interesting case of Private Jesse M. Hirata, whose rifle jammed while he was advancing on a sniper's nest. He picked up a shovel, and flattened and captured three Germans.

Once the Nisei were sent in to take a village. Alfred Tomita, out on a demolition job, got so far ahead of the reconnaissance troops that he reached the village alone. Fortunately for Tomita, the village had been evacuated. Time on his hands, Tomita cleaned up the streets, so everything was nice and tidy when the rest of the U. S. Army arrived.

The Nisei are all excellent athletes, bodies small and wiry, muscles hard and quick, feet tough as horn. Back

home they played football in their bare feet; a good man can punt a ball 60 yards with the naked toe.

All this explains why they are good fighters, but if their physical prowess can be explained on a purely physical basis there remains the larger question of what inspires them to fight. What is the secret of their high morale?

The answer is simple. The Nisei happen to know what they are fighting for. They fight for something you might call respect.

They are Americans, educated in American schools, playing American games, abiding by American law, but they are slant-eyed and yellow and their ancestors came from the land of our enemies. When war broke out the Nisei in Hawaii were abused and suspected because of these facts: eyes, skin, ancestors. They knew our sudden fever of distrust would never die unless they gave us real proof of their patriotism.

They stuck. We know that now. The Nisei were as American as their "white" mentors could hope. Yet they are learning that though democracy may be worth dying for, it takes a long time for theoretically irrevocable rights of a democracy to turn into working facts. On the battlefields they found the respect they were fighting for; a man in a foxhole doesn't stop to question his buddy's racial origins. But back home it has been different.

When the first wounded Nisei veterans of the Italian campaigns, the wearers of the Purple Hearts, traveled the 10,000 miles home to Hawaii on

furlough, they were decked with leis and treated as heroes.\* But after a few days the heroes were shocked and bewildered to discover that many were hostile. Even white servicemen insulted them. They took their troubles to their former commanding officer, who had come back to Hawaii with the Legion of Merit. Turner asked, "Have you been wearing your ribbons?" They said they had not, they thought service ribbons a little ostentatious. "Wear your service ribbons wherever you go," Turner told them. They took his advice. Once people saw the service stripes there were no more insults for the Japanese-Americans.

The trouble is that people do not know what the Nisei have done and are doing. Lieut.-Col. Turner's experiment with the service ribbons leads to the not too fantastic notion that it might be a good idea to have returning Nisei veterans stop off in several American cities and order them to parade, bedecked in all their ribbons, in front of the people I have been reading about.

While the prejudices of a "white" citizenry flourish in the U. S., the men of the Nisei fight and die to gain a little respect from those same citizen patriots. The Nisei wants us to trust him, not with the trust of the patron or overseer, but with an abiding trust, as between brothers.

\*The Nisei of the 100th Battalion wear many medals. By August, 1944, in addition to a War Department citation, they had bagged nine Distinguished Service Crosses, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze Stars, and more than 1,000 Purple Hearts, not including clusters for the second timers among the wounded.



# Rendezvous in India

By RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J.

Condensed from the *Patna Mission Letter*\*

At a military camp in India I was preaching a mission in the bamboo hut that served as a chapel. It was thrilling to see the benches packed with British soldiers. But one evening, as I stood up to lead the opening hymn, I thought I caught sight of a U. S. uniform. To the best of my knowledge, there were absolutely no Americans in the vicinity. So I made a mental note to have my eyes examined at the earliest opportunity, and got on with the hymn. The rafters began to vibrate as a couple of hundred male voices joined in the singing.

Enraptured with this vocal enthusiasm, I was now making my way leisurely down the center aisle, scattering glances of encouragement and approval, when that disturbing vision swung into view again. "What's wrong with me?" I asked myself. "Is this just a bad case of wishful thinking? Or am I really seeing an honest-to-goodness Yank?" I moved down the aisle more briskly, keeping my eyes riveted on that uniform. Sure enough, there was the shoulder patch of the U. S. Air Force. And that lad's face was a relief map of the U. S., or I have never seen one. My heart went all aflutter, and later someone asked me why I tried to yodel during the hymn.

Perhaps you are wondering why I should make such a fuss over the

mere sight of another American? Well, you just spend 15 years of exile in India, and see what happens to your heart when someone links you up with the dear old land of milk and honey.

I succeeded in controlling myself long enough to get the men started on the second stanza of the hymn; then pretending nonchalance, I maneuvered over behind the lad.

"Listen," I whispered, "you've got a . . ."

He jerked around, and stopped singing. It was difficult to keep a straight face, but I managed it.

"Magnificent voice," I said. "But if you'll please come around to the sacristy when I've finished preaching, I'll give you a private audition. Then we'll see what can be done about it."

He was too flabbergasted to say anything. So I smiled and said, "I mean I'm just dying to hear that voice of yours, because, you see, I'm also a Yank."

Then things began to happen as though I had turned on the main switch in a powerhouse. His face lit up, his eyes sparkled, a beaming smile broke out all over that map of the U. S.; and the next thing I recall I was trying to get him to pipe down for fear everyone would hear him. "Gee, Father, that's swell!" he bubbled over, right out loud. "Put her there! I'm

\*St. Xavier's, Patna, India. January-February, 1945.



Jerome McGillicuddy from New York. What's yours, Father?"

Wasn't I glad the men were putting all they had into the singing! But I realized they had almost come to the end of it. So I had to make for the pulpit, because the next item on the program was my mission sermon. And did I ever take it on the chin for the next 40 minutes? I still don't know how I got through that ordeal.

Even now it makes me weak just to think of it. For, in spite of all my efforts to give my whole and undivided attention to the men in the first row, my eyes insisted on roving back there to Jerry McGillicuddy. And every time they caught sight of his million-dollar smile, the words of my sermon got all tangled up with "Gee, Father, that's swell! Put her there!" And all the time I wanted to smile back at Jerry. In fact, the whole inside of me was just one big giggle, while outwardly I had to maintain the stern composure of a prophet of old, telling his people to make straight the way of the Lord.

Now, if you have never sweated through a conflict like that, you simply don't know the meaning of torture. Forty minutes of it! Only it was more like 40 hours. Honestly, you could have wrung me through a wringer, when I limped out of that pulpit.

Well, I managed to dribble into the sacristy all right, and the first thing I did was flop into a chair and heave a mighty sigh of relief. I was just getting round to mopping my brow, when I heard, "Gee, Father, this is really swell!" I glanced up to see Jerry

coming through the door; and it was perfectly clear that, for all practical purposes, I was his long lost brother. "Gosh, Father, I never expected to meet an American priest here in India. And what I mean, Father, you sure got plenty on the ball. That sermon was a whiz-bang. You had me sitting right . . ."

This was more than flesh and blood could endure.

"Skip it, Jerry," I said. "One more step in that direction, and you'll find yourself back in New York."

"And, boy, wouldn't I like to be there? Father, how long have you been in India?"

"Fifteen years, Jerry."

Jerry pursed his lips and emitted a low whistle: "Whееееew! *Fifteen years!* Wait a minute, let's get this straight. Father, did you say *fifteen whole years?* And you've never been back to the States in all that time?" He just couldn't believe it. "Father, that calls for a smoke."

So we stepped outside, Jerry produced a pack, and we lit up.

"By the way, Father, are you able to get American cigarettes here in India?"

"Not any more. We could before the war."

"Well, I'll fix you up before I leave. Here, keep this pack for a starter."

"Jerry, I won't do any such thing."

"Sure, Father, go ahead. Here's gum, too. Gosh, I'll bet you don't know what it tastes like after 15 years?"

"No, Jerry, no kidding. But how

long have you been here in India?"

"Just landed yesterday, Father."

"Yesterday?"

"Yeah, we hardly got off the boat when we got orders to move on here."

"Well, how did you happen to come to the mission this evening?"

"Father, I've been going to missions since I was a kid."

"But how did you *know* about it?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. Well, we got in here this morning, and I hadn't had a chance to go to confession since I left the States; so I started looking around to see if there was a Catholic church in the place, and darned if I didn't come across a poster announcing the mission. Gosh, I never expected to run into a mission in this corner of the world. And by an American priest at that! Gee, Father, this is really swell. By the way, Father, I've got a sister a nun."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Swell kid, too. Still a novice. Entered a year ago. Her name's Margaret, but we call her Mar. By the way, Father, no one calls me Jerry at home. They call me Jer. You can call me Jer, too, if you want to. Mother pinned those tags on us when we were kids, and we've been just Jer and Mar ever since. Say, Father?"

"What is it, Jer?"

"Will you please do something for me?"

"Anything you say, Jer."

"Gee, that's swell. Well, look, will you please write home and tell 'em you met me here in India? I'll give you Mar's address, and then she can send

your letter on to dad and mother. Boy, they'll get a kick out of it. Listen, Father, tell you what I'll do, if it's okay. I'll come around again in the morning, and I'll bring their pictures along. Okay?"

"Jer, I'll be looking for you. What time?"

"Say about ten. I got a picture of Mar in her habit. And I'll grab on to some cigarettes and gum and—Father, if there's anything you want, don't be afraid to shout. Boy, am I ever glad I came along this evening! I never dreamt . . . By the way, Father, can I bring a Jewish kid along with me? A good clean kid, too. Really, Father, they don't come better."

"By all means, bring him along."

"Gee, that's swell. He'll get a kick out of it. See you in the morning."

"Right; about ten?"

"Yeah. Ten, or a little earlier, if it's okay."

"The earlier the better."

"All right. We'll make it nine. Gee, Father, I'll never forget this evening as long as I live."

"I certainly won't, either, Jer."

"It's sure been swell."

"It sure has."

"Well, good night, Father!"

"Good night, Jer!"

The following morning Jer and his Jewish pal came along promptly at nine, and what a bull session we had! We carried on without a break till noon, but it was all too short. So we got together again in the evening. Towards the end of this second session, Jer said, "Father, since your job is to

go all over India preaching missions, maybe we'll have a chance to meet again."

"I certainly hope so, Jer."

"I can write to you, can't I, Father?"

"I hope you will, Jer." I gave him my Patna address, and told him his letters would always be forwarded from there, no matter where I might be.

"Well, Father, you'll hear from us just as soon as our outfit gets settled. You'll be sure to answer, won't you?"

"I surely will, Jer."

Then he had to go. As he gripped my hand, he turned on that million-dollar smile, and said for the hun-

dredth time, "Well, Father, it's sure been swell."

And, for the hundredth time, I answered, "It sure has, Jer."

That same evening a troop train left the camp, and Jer was on it. About two weeks passed before his first letter came along, and to use Jer's own lingo, it was a whizz-bang. His bouncing personality stuck out all over it. He was somewhere up in the combat area, having a whale of a time. He didn't mind the monsoon at all; he hadn't had malaria or dysentery; he had been out on a shoot and had bowled over a wild boar. And so, "Everything was swell."



## Flights of Fancy

Restless as spilled mercury.—*Rupert Hughes.*

The landscape winking through the heat.—*Tennyson.*

He looks as if he had swallowed a twinkle.—*Nanette Kutner.*

The village went to sleep window by window.—*Edward Gilligan.*

Etiquette: being able to yawn with your mouth closed.—*Jack Chuter.*

His face lighted up as if he had just been wired.—*Laura Mae Quance.*

Shadows crept out of their hiding places, stretching themselves on tip-toes to meet the night.—*Hilda van Stockum.*

My heart was lying on its face, crying.—*Margaret Lee Runbeck.*

The lightning showed a yellow beak and then a livid claw.—*Emily Dickinson.*

He was like running water, always seeking a lower level.—*Adrian T. Lenhart.*

The conversation flickered and went out.—*Spalding and Carney's Love at First Flight.*

Dieting, for some women, consists only of more food for conversation.—*Marcelene Cox.*

About the only prediction one can make about the future is that there will be a lot of it.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

# The Psychology of Abuse

By ALOYSIUS ROCHE

Condensed chapter of a book\*

How apostates take comfort

If, one day, which God forbid! I were to abandon the faith of my fathers, I can be fairly certain beforehand how I would likely act. Reaction number one would be the unloosing of my critical faculty. All the scandals that have disfigured the Church, I would bring up one by one and masticate as a ruminating animal chews the cud. This happens often enough to form a rule. There is a sort of fatalism about it, suggesting that apostates generally are wound up and set going from behind, and can do no other than dree their weird to the bitter end. The flag under which they had marched demanded too much and, dropping out of the ranks, they take to criticizing its frayed edges and faded appearance. The dustbins and garbage heaps of history are picked over for the thousandth time, and hoary disedifications are held up as fresh discoveries.

With the customary candor of his countrymen, a French writer of distinction traverses the familiar symptoms. In that unbalanced period when one is no longer a youth and not yet an adult, he renounced practice of religion. He did so for the usual reasons; although that is the last thing that, at the time, he was willing to admit. For the usual reasons that can be counted on the fingers of one hand; but, of course, nobody is willing to admit that.

Instead, we get *Why I Left the Church of Rome* in three quartos.

Our friend did not lose his faith. He inclines to the opinion that Catholics never do, but only cease to regulate their lives by it. "I knew," he says, "that wherever I might be my religion would be there, too." And so the more this lapsed Catholic hammered against the bars, the more he found them unbreakable. He was powerless against what had been done to him when he was baptized, as the piece of steel is powerless against what was done when it was magnetized. A ship may be agitated or becalmed, but the compass needle is a fixture. It never deviates from its direction. In the midst of the storm's tumult, there it is, trembling in its allegiance and loyalty. Such is the obstinate polarity of the Christian soul.

I may inter my beliefs in the deepest grave I can dig, but what I have buried is a living thing, and there is no keeping it in its sepulcher just as there was no keeping Christ in His. "Receive this white garment," the Church said to us long ago, at the beginning of things. And that is just it. This livery is glued to my skin and there is no getting it off. Maybe this explains why the vituperation of the ex-Catholic is so virulent. He goes out at the door to an orchestra accompaniment that seems

\*Between Ourselves. 1945. Longmans, Green & Co., New York City, 3, 182 pp. \$2.

significant of something or other. Is there, by any chance, a voice inside that this clamor is trying to drown? And is this voice plainly hinting that the step taken is only provisional and that one day the fugitive will have to turn and face the truth? Possibly such defaulters are like the guests at Baltassar's feast who drank wine, and praised their gods of gold and silver and brass and iron and wood and stone; and all the while the writing on the wall was being prepared.

It is just possible that those seemingly unaccountable exhibitions of insensate rage, directed from time to time against us, are actuated by a subconscious misgiving, by the ghost of an apprehension that Rome may have more truth on her side than the exhibitionists care to allow. The animal ferocity against the Holy See and all its works exhibited by H. G. Wells suggests either that some psychological crease needs to be ironed out or that his cook is not feeding him properly.

"You did well to quit the bark of Peter, for it is a leaky old tub anyway," our friend kept telling himself, knowing in his bones he was not telling the truth. And the next thing he did was to seek the society of those like himself. Their company was a sedative; and he instances in this connection the fable of the fox whose tail had been cut off and who said to his companions, "You have no tail either; you know very well you have not." If birds of a feather flock together, all the more those who have been plucked.

"It was at this time that I began to

read Anatole France, and what I looked for particularly were his caricatures of the clergy." This is the old impulse, noted by the pagan poet, the instinctive urge to malign what we have betrayed or intend to betray, to depreciate those we have injured or intend to injure. "I'll put you in the wrong somehow, and then I won't feel so wrong myself." The Wolf had no option but to pick a quarrel with the Lamb.

"Sirrah, last year you grossly insulted me."

"Impossible! I was not born then."

"You feed in my pasture."

"I have not yet tasted grass."

"You drink at my stream."

"No, I never touch water."

"Well, you won't get off, even though you refute every one of my arguments."

This is the trick of responsibility dodgers, of those who, when they catch the flu, always trace it to the germs brought to the office by that confounded fellow X. A man is unfaithful to his wife and, at once, all her faults will swarm in his head like buzzing flies. "She cooks badly," he reminds himself; "and, besides, she lost her temper with me in 1917." It is Don Quixote de la Mancha who assures us that it is peculiar and natural to poets, when they find Aminta or Amaryllis indisposed to be trifled with, to revenge themselves upon her by means of satires and lampoons. And not poets only, by all accounts. George Sand speaks somewhere of that *amour si orageux et si cruel* whose reactions are charged with hatred and brutality.



"Sir," replies the lady in the old-fashioned tale, "the blemishes that you now ungallantly reproach me with were born with me, and they are no plainer now than when you courted me first. It would be interesting to know just why and how your eyesight suddenly became so keen and your taste so fastidious."

Again, too, the heroine of the modern story, having made a bad job of her own love affairs, compensates herself by taking it out on the nuns.

"But in heaven's name! how many mothers were there at that convent of yours?"

"Well, among the Ursulines all the nuns who take charge of children are called mothers."

"Why, what ridiculous nonsense! But that is how it is when people try to set themselves up against nature. Of course, they have exactly the same passions as the rest of us, and so the whole crowd of those old maids get themselves called mothers by other folk's children. Foh! We're all made alike, aren't we? I don't think it's much use any of us trying to go beyond nature."

My moral efforts having failed through lack of energy, the next move in the game is to tell myself and all willing to hear that religion is just bunk anyway. Gibbon, author of *The Decline and Fall*, more or less wasted his time at the university; he failed conspicuously in mathematics. Consequently, he poured scorn upon university education in general and upon mathematics in particular. In his memoirs, he informs us that the 14 months

he spent at Magdalen college were the most unprofitable of his life; but why they were so he does not say. He owed no fame to the university and, therefore, he concludes that no fame can be derived from university education. At the age of 16, he began to read controversial works on religion, especially the writings of Robert Parsons the Jesuit, who, in his opinion, had urged all that is to be said in favor of the old faith. In consequence, he abjured what he called the errors of heresy and was received into the Church. His father sent him off to Lausanne and placed him under the care of a Calvinist minister, secretly commissioned to reclaim him from the deceits of popery. This the minister accomplished with so much ease that his pupil, 18 months after conversion to Rome, being once again fully convinced of his errors, received the sacrament in the Calvinist church. Gibbon himself informs us that after this step had been taken he suspended his religious inquiries, acquiescing implicitly in the doctrine held by Catholics and Protestants alike. Such were the credentials of one who attacked Christianity with more venom than almost any writer of his time, the latter half of the 18th century, the period of Hume, Rousseau, and Voltaire. Gibbon's opposition is so slapdash it can be explained only by consulting the plain facts of his character and life.

The Gnostic heresiarch whom St. Polycarp styled "the first-born of Satan," began as a zealous, mortified priest. But, falling into incontinence,

he was excommunicated by his own father, the Bishop of Sinope. Marcion, Jr., thereupon bellowed like a bull and swore to be revenged, not only on his father, but on the universal Church. And that is how Marcionism came to discover so many errors in the Apostles' Creed.

Luther's story is hackneyed. For a change we shall allow it to be told again by the Earl of Chesterfield, the same who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Writing to his son in 1748, he says: "Luther, an Augustinian monk, enraged that his Order, and consequently himself, had not the exclusive privilege of selling indulgences, but that the Dominicans were let into a share of the trade, turns reformer and exclaims against the abuses, the corruption and the idolatry of Rome, which were certainly gross enough for him to have seen long before, but which he had acquiesced in, till what he called the rights, that is the profits, of his Order came to be touched."

"Havers! I'll tell you just how it happened."

The speaker, Effie, was a Scot, and up there they use *havers* in place of *nonsense*. This woman's sister Janet

had given up the Church, and the priest went along to look into the matter. But he could do nothing, for the lady was armed to the teeth with Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. And so he reported the matter to the faithful Effie. Effie laughed. "Tolstoy's *Resurrection*! Havers! I'll tell you just how it happened. It's years ago, but I mind it fine. Janet had her first baby, and as soon as it was old enough to be a pickle, my sister must start taking it to Mass, and for no reason at all, mind you. There was a fine pandemonium; at any rate, Janet seemed to think it fine. Well, the canon put up with it as long as he could, for he's not so bad when it comes to kindness; but, at last, there were so many complaints being made that he spoke to my sister. And from that day to this Janet just hasn't a good word to say about Pope or papist."

In sum, aberration is the character of remorse. When guilt weighs upon us, we throw it at hazard upon other heads. And when truth throws it back again and we are compelled to acknowledge its paternity, we then reclaim it and strive to make it a fit subject of pride. This is the final evolution, the last subterfuge of conscience.



The historian, today, wonders if the people of the world have anything more than an emotional yearning for peace. He wonders if they want it ardently enough to give up something to get it. He wonders why the great nations wish to retain the power to declare war if, as they fervently profess, they never intend to use it.

Paul Kiniery in the *Catholic Historical Review* (Jan. '45).

# The Third Door

By J. GALVIN, C.Ss.R.

Condensed from *Perpetual Help*\*

Father Robert Hearn is a Redemptorist chaplain. He was recently laid up in a Philippine hospital with a piece of shrapnel in his forearm, after being almost buried alive by a shellburst near his foxhole, but that is another story! For this story we are indebted to Father John Brennan, C.Ss.R., who visited Father Hearn at the hospital.

**Trapped** in an upstairs closet, he listened as the Japanese came yelling into the house. The stutter of their guns made his teeth dance in his jaws. The floor timbers trembled under him. It was 11 P.M. by the glowing dial of his watch. Soon they would come upstairs and find him. He tried to pray, with no success. What a strange spot for a chaplain to die in: away from his men, hiding like a spy in a closet. Things had happened so suddenly, he hardly knew how he got there at all.

That morning the fighting 6th Division, of which he was Catholic chaplain, had stormed Orion, driving the enemy out. By noon the padre had set up quarters in this two-story building adjoining the town church; things went well until nightfall. Then in the darkness the Japanese had suddenly counterattacked. His boys in the building held them at bay, machine guns sputtering from all the first-floor windows. It was then he had vaulted up the stairs the better to observe the attackers. He could see them firing from behind palms in the plaza. And then

the guns downstairs had suddenly been silenced. (He did not know it, but American ammunition had run short; and orders given to withdraw through the adjoining church.) He saw the Japanese dashing for the house, shouting their blood-curdling *banzai*.

Racing for the stairway to warn his men, he saw the place abandoned. Then it dawned on him: he was alone. But it would not be for long; he could hear the Japanese forcing the bolts. He retreated; before he knew it, he was here in this closet nearest the window. And now he was trapped, helpless, wondering when he would die. It was bad to have too much imagination in such a place, and the chaplain, unfortunately, was a poet.

The stairs creaked. The chatter of Japanese grew more and more distinct. Then came the ugly stutter of bullets ransacking the adjacent rooms. Through a crack in the closet door he could see their lights poking into the room where he was hiding. Instinctively he crouched as the lead spat from their guns, peppering corners, spraying along the closets, tattering the doors with slivers. He felt a nick on his right shoulder, then a swish like a blade at his ribs to the left. It was like a dagger thrower at a circus outlining a human target. But he was still one piece. Still alive.

\*Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. June, 1945.

Click, and twist of a knob! A door squealed on its hinges. "This is it," he was thinking. They were searching the three closets. The first door slammed shut with a bang. No one there. Now he was praying in furious earnest the last few prayers he ever hoped to say. The second doorknob clicked. He could hear rifles probing the wall beside him. He could hear his wristwatch ticking, it seemed, like an ice pick. They must hear it! He would give himself up before they found him, surrender like a free man. His fingers clutched the knob of the closet door.

But the poet in him began playing hob with his mind. He thought of slow tortures if they found him. An act of contrition bubbled out of his heart. The thought of his mother at home; a rapid plea to our Lady to help him die well; prayers, pictures, thoughts—all mixed in one concentrated jet. What good had he done as a priest? He thought of his first Mass, back in Boston; his time as a missionary in Brazil; his three years in khaki; New Guinea: he remembered a day he went out with an infantry division, battling for control of a strategic hill near Maffin bay. He stayed in the front lines with the men, giving Viaticum to the dying; anointing the wounded; calling them by their nicknames. His being there had worked wonders with their morale. But it was only part of his job. Any chaplain would do the same. But they gave him a bronze star for it.

And the day last month on Luzon. They called for volunteer litter-bearers to bring back a wounded American.

Being chaplain, he felt he should give the example, and was first to step forward. Two others followed. The three of them went out between the battle lines. Dangerous business. But they made it. He anointed the wounded lad under gunfire, helped set him on the stretcher, and they were off: the two taking the handles fore and aft, he at the middle of the litter. A machine gun cut loose from a bamboo clump. It cut down his two companions, and then, somehow, the gun stopped. Picking up the wounded lad, he lugged him to safety, running through a blizzard of bursting knee mortars. For this act of heroism beyond the line of duty he had been recommended for the silver star.

He mentioned once in a letter: "Nobody out here goes around trying to get medals, unless he's 'tetched.' No, when you're caught in artillery fire you want to be anyplace but in a hero's niche. But then something happens, and though your teeth are chattering, you say: 'Well, here I go. Stand by, Angel Guardian,' and there you are. And they give you a medal for your action."

A hero's niche, indeed, here in this closet. The second door is slammed. Again that terrible urge possessed him to turn the doorknob before the Japanese did. But too late, the knob was clicking, from the outside. Suddenly the closet shuddered with a terrific blast. An American 155 had lobbed a shell through the attic roof, knocking dust and plaster from the ceiling, and completely distracting the choked and

blinded searchers. They left the third closet as it was. Slowly the hours ticked on.

Plaster dust sifted into the closet. It tickled the priest's nostrils, gagged in his throat. He wanted to sneeze. Frantically, he smothered his mouth with his hands. Somewhere a bell boomed twice: two o'clock. A board creaked under his heel. But the Japanese took no notice. They were too busy turning the room into an emergency station for their wounded men. He watched them through the crack in the door. Within arm's reach he saw their doctors give plasma, and amputate, and core out bullets from groaning men. He felt dizzy in the pit of the stomach. He wanted to retch at the sight of so much gore. About five o'clock a Japanese officer came into the room to look over the patients. He was very cool, polite, and professional. Those he deemed un-

fit for further combat, he slit with a knife across the throat; and then left. The chaplain froze with horror.

Once more his hand reached out for the doorknob, that insuperable temptation to give up. But the thought of bayonets lunging soundlessly into his flesh made him draw back. The room was orange now, with daylight. Guns began to argue with guns in the streets outside. Then a familiar bark of rifles, and a sound of still more familiar voices downstairs. He braced himself a moment, made a quick sign of the cross, and boldly turned the knob. The Japanese had gone.

Picking his way over the corpses, he tiptoed out into the hall. He stood a moment listening, to make sure. He reached the stairway and looked down at 20 American tommy guns pointing up at him. "Hi, guys," he laughed, "it's me," and walked down the stairs.



### Blood in Vain

The Mexican Revolution has failed because it has not accomplished the primary purpose that it set for itself, namely, the economic betterment of the mass of peasants.

We can leave aside education, the religious persecution, and the like for the moment. Has the Mexican Revolution, purely as a material achievement, given the humble Indian peasant more to eat? If we put the question on this basis, the answer must be No. I have examined statistics from friendly and hostile sources on this point. I have seen the Mexican peasant all over the republic, in the flesh. The answer unhappily is that today he eats less, pays more for it, and lives more precariously than he did 30 years ago.

Richard Pattee in the *Tidings* (5 Jan. '45).



# "He's Our Guy"

Padre of the mine fields

By JACK ALEXANDER

Condensed from the *Saturday Evening Post*\*

In Chaplain Hoffmann's view, the loneliest soldier was the one who, having gone out ahead of the lines, got hit. His fellows didn't know where to find him, and he knew they didn't. Or, if they did know, there might be some reason why they were unable to go out and get him. Days were long and nights longer, and a man might die of loss of blood. Such things happen often, particularly when infantrymen camouflage themselves so friend, as well as enemy, may be deceived. And when a man is wounded, he seeks out ditch or hedge or other concealment.

It boosts an infantryman's morale to know there is someone in his outfit expert at what are known as "crawling-out" rescue jobs. In the 133d Regiment, 34th Division, one of the most mauled of the AEF, the acknowledged expert was Chaplain Hoffmann.† The priest bird-dogged wounded with the skill and persistence of a setter after quail. Even medics, old hands at bird-dogging, willingly deferred to him. They frequently found that Chaplain Hoffmann had got there first.

From the beginning of his training, he set about making himself as much an infantryman as possible. Although approaching middle age, he never fell out of a hike, either while training

in this country or in Northern Ireland, where the division took battle training. On hikes, he weighted his musette bag with heavy rocks. He studied terrain and military organization, from the divisional unit down to the platoon. He learned how units, such as mortar platoons, are disposed under battle conditions. The result was that when a unit of any kind was missing in battle, he could find it and set up liaison, or would know approximately where a missing man ought to be lying.

As German mines became more and more of a menace, he learned from sappers the delicate business of de-fusing. After that, he insisted on going into mine fields first. If mine casualties had been heavy, he would kick the de-fused mines around like footballs. This helped morale, too.

When a man was dying or seemed in danger of dying before arrival of stretcher-bearers, Chaplain Hoffmann gave him the last sacraments if he happened to be a Catholic. If a Protestant, the chaplain recited the Lord's Prayer with him. Then he would have the man repeat acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition. After that, if there was time, he recited a few of the Psalms, "anything," as he puts it now, "that would take the kid's mind back to his home congregation." For Jewish

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Nov. '44, p. 67.

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soldiers, he also recited Psalms and other passages from the Old Testament. Almost without exception, he says now, the dying seemed comforted, calm, and better prepared.

The priest, although a quiet, unbeligerent man, had a front-line temperament. Front-line troops throughout the regiment would tell one another, "He's our guy." They thought of him as a personal possession, the way they did a good combat officer.

The chaplain entered his first engagement, as does almost every soldier, burdened with fear that he would be a physical coward. When shells first began landing around him, he shared with the soldiers the incredulous realization that somebody was actually trying to kill him. He tried to buck up his courage by reading his breviary. It was distracted reading, but he got through the engagement without bolting, and thereafter was no longer afraid of being afraid. He explains that he was scared often and well, but knew he was able to face the experience without breaking.

There is an earthy kind of realism about Chaplain Hoffmann. He frankly questions the war-born adage about paucity of atheists in foxholes.

"A soldier," he says, "is close to death, therefore close to reality. But some men just don't pray; it's not in their make-up. Some want to, but don't know how; an example is a sergeant who yelled over to me when we got pin-pointed by a German mortar platoon, 'Al, you know how to pray. Get started!' But, generally

speaking, religion, after all, is not something in a church edifice; it is something in man. For some, religion is a social mask they wear because the community expects it. In warfare, this mask is dropped. You may pick up a personal religion, or you may not. If you had one beforehand, it will become even more personal. The soldiers who pray do so without any shame. You often hear them praying out loud. But people are dead wrong who think war takes a lot of men and makes them holy. Some soldiers who generate fervor in the heat of combat are going to lose it when the heat is off. And a lot of soldiers in the rear areas are already losing what religion they had. You might sum it up by saying that war doesn't harm religion, but doesn't help it either."

Religious heroics are not present, even when death is near; after the prayers or Psalms are concluded, or the last sacraments given, the man will say, "Thanks, chaplain," or "Thanks, Father." Rarely anything else.

"People do not say heroic things when they are dying. It's just a matter of duty, hard and painful, both for the dying man and for the chaplain. It's a weight on you all the time."

Essentially a resilient man, Father Hoffmann adjusted himself to military life rapidly. From 1935 up to February, 1941, when he went into the Army, he was one of two assistant pastors of Sacred Heart parish in Dubuque. He offered Mass, called on the sick, taught in the parish school, and helped run bazaars and parish dinners.

He coached baseball and football, directed boys' and girls' choirs, and acted as chaplain to the Boy Scouts.

Chaplain Al Hoffmann landed in Northern Ireland early in 1942. The hardening program of the 34th, first American division to land, called for two 30-mile hikes a week and one 45-mile hike a month. For variety, speed marches of 15 miles in three hours, with full packs, were sometimes substituted for the 30-milers. Hoffmann, proud of never having fallen out of a hike in the Alps or in the Rockies, where he had camped out as a boy, kept his record clean in Northern Ireland.

The 34th, in support of the French, moved in just in time to take part in the disastrous retreat which sent the Allied forces reeling back from the German break-through at Faïd Pass. At Sbiba his outfit made a stand. For three days it fought, and at night the medics went out and gathered the dead and wounded. Once the chaplain, who has a strange instinct for neatness that extends to "policing" battlefields, went out in a jeep in daylight to get the body of an American.

As he and his driver dismounted, German machine guns opened up on them. Throwing the body in the back seat, they headed for their own lines by the most direct route, which lay directly across a mine field. Luckily, they got back safely. No grave detail had yet been established, so that night the chaplain carried a truckload of bodies back 40 miles to the divisional cemetery. He and his assistant, a T/5 from South

Dakota named Ray Sauer, dug graves and wrapped the bodies in the men's own raincoats and in German shelter halves. Sauer made marker crosses and stars of David and put them up. While Sauer held a blue-bulbed flashlight, the chaplain read the burial service. The battle was still in progress when they got back at dawn, shivering.

An unburied German was as much a challenge as an unburied American. During the retreat from Faïd Pass he hastily buried a couple of dead Germans. Scrupulous about decent burial and especially adequate identification, he wrote a note of apology, in German, and buried it in a bottle with the dead men's dog tags.

At Fondouk the chaplain got started in earnest on his front-line bird-dogging of the wounded. His outfit had to cross an open plain to take a hill, and found itself flanked on three sides. Tanks were thrown into the pocket to protect the infantry. Father Hoffmann went in behind the first wave of tanks, and twice shell fragments ripped his clothing. The enemy opened up on the second wave, and he ducked into a hole someone had dug in a little knoll.

An advancing American tank took cover behind the knoll and attracted heavy enemy fire which shook the chaplain in his hideaway. The tank, with its .75 extended over the chaplain's back, roared in reply, and each time it roared the chaplain rocked. One German air burst broke the left lens of his glasses. A few minutes later, after experiencing what felt like a sharp blow in the neck, he found that

a piece of shell had severed his chin strap. The metal landed in his lap and, being a souvenir hunter, he stuck it in his pocket. The tank finally backed away and the chaplain went to work on the wounded. He received his Silver Star for Fondouk.

In the battle for Hill 609 the battalion to which Chaplain Hoffmann was attached was assigned to take Hill 490, while the main attack proceeded. A platoon from I company was sent to the edge of the hill, and a single soldier deployed to protect a flank. Under heavy German fire, the platoon was forced to retreat. The flank man was called, but he failed to respond, and the assumption was that he was either dead or wounded. The platoon fell back without him.

At dusk, Chaplain Hoffmann crawled out to look for him, taking along a pair of borrowed field glasses. The Germans spotted him. Hoffmann flattened out in a shallow crevice in the rocky terrain. The Germans then practically blasted the rock outcropping apart. One explosion knocked him out for a few minutes. But at last the shelling stopped and the chaplain crawled back to his battalion, dazed and sprinkled with rock dust. When he offered the field glasses to their owner, he found that shell fragments had shattered them beyond repair.

Later he went out again, looking for the missing man, and finally found him unhurt in a German foxhole. With the chaplain leading, the pair wriggled back safely.

A chaplain's role in war is largely

what he makes it, and every good chaplain has ways of increasing his usefulness beyond his prescribed duties. Among Chaplain Hoffmann's added specialties was that of spiking rumors, which flourish lushly among enlisted men. Usually the rumors had to do with a quick ending of the war or with something else equally optimistic. His theory was that a rosy rumor, when proved false, weakens the will to fight.

Finding drinking water under battle conditions was another of his specialties. Whenever the canteens ran low, the call went up, "Where's the chaplain?" The chaplain also proved himself an excellent scrounger. For a time, in Tunisia, he slept under German blankets on a German cot in a German tent with portable floors, and washed in an Italian rubber washbowl. One night, on Hill 490, he established liaison with an isolated platoon. The night was bitterly cold and the men lightly clad. The chaplain disappeared on exploration trips and brought back enough German blankets and raincoats to go around. No one asked where he got them.

The enlisted men repaid by scrounging for him when he needed something. Throughout the Tunisian campaign, Father Hoffmann performed his duties without the aid of regular transportation now available to combat-unit chaplains. But someone scrounged a broken-down *Volkswagen*, and his handy assistant, Sauer, got it in running order, using the wiring from a downed Messerschmitt. Someone else scrounged German blankets, rations,



and altar table. Chaplain Hoffmann had brought along from the States a valise containing his vestments, candlesticks, and other Mass equipment, and the *Volkswagen* was well fitted out.

Rolling transportation is essential to a chaplain working back of the lines. At the front, he goes on foot and does the best he can, but when his outfit is in a rear area he must hold separate Sunday services for three battalions. Chaplain Hoffmann sometimes held a special service for each battalion, in addition to the Catholic service. His Sunday tour of duty called, roughly, for appearances at eight A.M., 12 noon and four P.M. at battalions 40 miles apart. Since he had to fast, and as the traveling was rough and dusty, he was well played out at the end of his tour of duty.

No group service, of course, can be held at the front, nor in the rear areas either, unless there happens to be a reasonable guarantee of safety from enemy air observation.

In Tunisia, Mass was offered and special services held in cactus groves or deep gullies. A good gully would hold 300 or 400 men. An ammunition case, folding table, or tailgate of a weapons carrier served for an altar. Or Sauer, using an intrenching tool, chopped an altar out of a gully wall and cut a cross above it.

A few days before embarkation the chaplain got jaundice, and during the hike to the ships became very sick, but declined to drop out. On board, the doctor found he had malaria and jaundice, and suggested that he remain in

the sick bay. Instead, Chaplain Hoffmann waded ashore at Salerno, in a foggy mental state, eating candy for his jaundice and dosing himself well with quinine. Fortunately for him, the 34th's landing came several days after the original one, and things were quiet for a while, giving him time to regain strength. The retreating Germans halted and stood their ground at Castel Vecchia, and the persistent priest resumed his work of crawling out.

There was Dragoni, where the chaplain, entering the village church alone, found that enemy vandals had broken into the tabernacle, filling it with rubble, had hacked the statues, broken the chalice, and slashed the vestments. Here, for the first time, he felt some hardness of heart toward the enemy. There was Aulisse, and fighting from hilltop to hilltop, where the chaplain, setting out alone to find the wounded of L company, wandered lost for an hour behind the enemy lines.

Then there was Santa Maria Olivetta. This village lay in the Gustav line, on a hillside. Crossing the Volturino at night, the Americans were just below their objective at dawn. I company secured a hold on the hill to the right of the village, but K company ran into a severe barrage. While Chaplain Hoffmann was helping carry K-company wounded down, a shell exploded seven feet in front of him; he was not scratched, although he was standing. When he got back to K company, it was falling back. With a Sergeant McDonald, of the medics, and another medic, the priest stayed on helping the

wounded. They had some protection, from rocks and olive trees, but a shell-burst killed McDonald. The Germans were about 100 yards away.

One of the wounded said there were some others lying farther out, along a road. Father Hoffmann crawled toward the road. He found eight men there, five already dead. He yelled, "Medic! Medic! Up here!" One of the three wounded men, a medic himself, raised on one elbow and called, "Coming, sir!" then fell back. The medic who had been with McDonald made his way forward, and he and the chaplain tried to help the wounded. Then the Germans spotted them and cut loose. The barrage killed the three wounded men. The medic was hit, too, and the priest was gashed on the face in several places. With the injured medic, he retired to his former position and resumed working on the wounded he had begun with. Despite heavy fire, Chaplain Hoffmann stayed with them from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, when stretcher-bearers evacuated the last man. For this day's work, the chaplain was awarded the DSC.

On the third day of fighting at Santa Maria Olivetta, he worked all day spotting the wounded and removing the dead, and at sundown was preparing to take a rest when he saw a German soldier lying in a mine field. The chaplain, hopping from rock to rock to avoid stepping on mines, made his way to the German's side, only to find he was dead. He called to two stretcher-bearers to remove the body. While

waiting, he noticed a placard a few rods up the hill bearing something in German script which he couldn't read in the fading light. For some reason, perhaps his fatigue, he became momentarily incautious. Idly curious to learn what the placard said, he stepped off his rock. He landed squarely on a mine.

The mine was a Bouncing Betsy, a type which ordinarily springs four feet in the air, then explodes, spreading more than 300 metal fragments laterally. Subconsciously, Hoffmann recognized the mine for what it was, and kept standing on it; if he had jumped off, he would probably have been cut in half.

The two stretcher-bearers came to him. On the way, they kicked off another mine; one was killed, the other wounded. Hoffmann warned other bearers to wait until the field had been swept. He raised what remained of his left leg and saw it was gone just below the knee. The right leg was badly torn, and he couldn't move it. His hands were covered with blood. It looked so much like the end for him that he did not think it worth while to use a tourniquet or sulfa. Instead, he began praying, and thus occupied, fell asleep. Four hours later he was picked up and removed to the aid station. On regaining consciousness, he turned in a report on the dead he had cleared away, asked that someone police the detached portion of his leg from the field. Then he apologized to some enlisted men who came to see him, for being unable to take them on a per-

sonally conducted tour of Rome, as he had promised them when the campaign began. The battalion commander, who, that same afternoon during a wet blow, had offered him \$10 for a German raincoat he was wearing, and had been turned down, twitted him for his refusal to sell. "Look at it, ruined," the officer said, pointing to the burned strips that had been the raincoat.

The chaplain grinned. "I guess I should have sold when the market was good," he said, then lost consciousness again.

On the road home, via hospitals in Italy and North Africa, gangrene developed in the stump and, after a number of trimming operations, it stopped somewhere above the knee. Father Hoffmann had 18 blood transfusions and almost lost his right leg to gangrene, but the infection was checked.

When he first strapped on his artificial leg it felt like a lump of concrete, but practice has overcome that feeling, and he occasionally goes from Battle Creek to Chicago, where he walks three or four miles around the loop, just taking in the sights. Oddly, he limps only on his natural leg, which is

minus a good percentage of its tissue. At the hospital, where he is assistant chaplain, he puts in a fairly full day, mostly among amputees, to whom he is a fellow member of an ever-growing veterans' club.

"The only trouble is," he said recently, "that I get bushed easily. But if I had to do it all over again, I would do exactly as I have done, perhaps with the exception of stepping on that mine, which was just plain dumb. I have met the finest men in the U. S. I've lived with them, worked with them, suffered with them, and seen them die. I have seen American boys turned into hardened fighting men without losing their qualities of character. In spite of their hardness, they were kind and considerate and, to my way of thinking, almost unable to hate anyone, even the enemy. They are a fine crowd, and I am proud to have kept them company."

Chaplain Hoffmann will probably remain at Percy Jones General hospital until the war is over. Then he will return to Dubuque and parish life, with possibly some teaching at Loras college on the side, that is, if he doesn't get bushed too easily.



It is a notable event when the King of Sweden distributes the Nobel prize awards in Stockholm to scientists and authors. In 1928 the prize for literature was awarded to Sigrid Undset. On the next day, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, she went to a famous church near by, and quietly laid the laurel wreath, which she had received the previous evening, before the statue of the Mother of Sorrows.

Seán Murray, S.J., in the *Richview Press*, Dublin, Ireland (Oct. '44).

# 33 Old Men in a Home

By ELIZABETH FOELLER

Condensed from the *Catholic Herald*

This article was written before American troops overran Bernkastel-Cues on the Moselle river. No word has been heard of the 33 guests of a Cardinal who died in 1464.

Forty-five miles from Coblenz and 50 kilometers below Trier sit 33 old men in the pale sunshine of the German spring, waiting for the Americans to come to Bernkastel-Cues. They are 33 old men who found refuge within the corridors of Cusanus Haus, a hospice founded in 1464 by Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, great Catholic figure of the Renaissance.

Though the war-thinned faces of the old men who putter beside wheelbarrows in the sodden garden this spring may not be the faces of those who first took up their legacy in 1464, the number of guests remains 33, symbolic of our Lord's 33 years on earth. The men slip in and out of the neat, cell-like rooms with scarcely perceptible change, until the centuries blend and blur in the house which the Cardinal left as a monument to the Christian charity of 15th-century Europe.

No word has come from the little village of Bernkastel-Cues to tell us whether the Cardinal's world-famous library and hospice for old men escaped the bombs and fury of the last few months. In 1938, one of the nuns who takes care of the old men said as war rumbled closer, "We have seen the

And the heart of a Cardinal Citizen\*

Thirty-Years war, and the Franco-Prussian, and several others. Napoleon himself visited this house. He put his hand upon our walls and said that nothing of all this shall be destroyed."

The sleepy little historic town that lies like a picture of the past in the shadow of the "wine mountains," is in reality two towns: Bernkastel, where the famous library and hospice are housed, and Cues, where Nicholas was born, and lived as a boy. The towns are now connected by a bridge, but when Nicholas was young there were only slim boats plying between the banks.

Herr Krebs, wealthy shipbuilder, planned that his son Nicholas should follow him in his business, and was often perturbed by his son's interest in books. Once, while crossing the river, Nicholas mentioned his desire to study, and his father in anger knocked him out of the boat with the flat of his oar. But the lure of books and science was too great to be denied, and finally the father sent his son off to Deventer, where he was educated by the Brothers of the Common Life at about the same time as the young Thomas à Kempis.

It was an exciting period for scholars to live in, and Nicholas of Cusa, who became Cardinal in 1450, was no exception to the intoxication of learning that swept through the land with

\*793 N. Jackson St., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. March 31, 1943.



the fall of Constantinople, and the importation of Greek and Oriental manuscripts from the East with the returning Crusaders. Nicholas himself gathered some 314 manuscripts of the 9th to the 15th centuries. Among them are specimens of the earliest printed volumes, for Gutenberg lived in the time of the Renaissance Cardinal and gave to the world what Nicholas called "the sacred art of printing."

Today Nicholas of Cusa's library is the greatest small library of the Renaissance, if nazi pillagers have respected the prophetic promise of Napoleon. The great leather-bound books line the shelves to the arched ceilings, and the circular lectern that surrounds the central stone pillar carries heavy, exquisitely illuminated volumes opened casually, as though the Cardinal had only now left his reading. Beneath the stained windows stand the scientific and astronomical instruments which the Cardinal used in the researches which earned for him the name of predecessor to Copernicus.

The library lies intact, that is, except for the few books which found their way to the British Museum through the mistaken zeal of an 18th-century churchman. Rector Schoenheit sold some of the priceless manuscripts to the English Museum in 1754 for 1000

*Rechstaller* so that he might beautify the monument of charity the Cardinal had conceived.

But the good Cardinal did not intend a library when he left his house to the 33 old men for all posterity. He wanted a home for old men, and he left them the 15th-century house and garden with the surrounding mountains, inherited from his rich father, and upon whose slopes to this day is produced the Rhein wine which furnished the revenues of the hospice.

His will provided that the 33 places were to be apportioned so that 21 aged poor, six aged priests, and six aged noblemen would for all time benefit from the hospitality of his beloved hills. But after his death the six noblemen released their rights in perpetuity so that six more poor could enjoy the home.

Here each inhabitant receives his daily share of the sparkling Rhein wine, mixed with water. On great feast days, however, each receives his bottle with seal unbroken and feels the unadulterated sunshine of the Moselle valley warm his aging heart.

Though the German Cardinal is buried in Rome, in the Church of St. Peter in Chains, his heart has come home and lies under the floor of the hospice chapel.

## Hollywood

Hollywood is a city in the U.S. where someone is more likely to ask you Who's Whose than Who's Who.

O. A. Battista.



# We Brazilians

By ERICO VERISSIMO

Condensed from a book\*

It is important for North and South Americans to know each other. We need to avoid silly and dangerous formulas. We Brazilians must not sum up the U. S. as a country of Babbitts, gangsters, greedy businessmen, and wailing radio crooners. And you North Americans must not go on thinking Brazil is just a land of lazy Indians, poisonous snakes, and lush palm trees.

Let us scan the soul of both peoples. To begin with, let us examine the stuff Brazilians are made of. Toward the end of the first half of the 15th century Europe was on a kind of honeymoon with progress. Gutenberg had invented the printing press. In consequence of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the Byzantine sages fled to Europe, bringing with them their treasures of culture. Renaissance had dawned over the European countries, and philosophy, literature, and the arts flourished. The printed book started its promising career as a marvelous carrier of culture, and knowledge and peace, as well as a sower of unrest, rebellion, and doubt.

At the beginning of the 16th century Portugal was a powerful country of seagoing conquistadors. While much of Europe was divided with religious wars, the immune Portuguese, competing with Spaniards, were trying to conquer all the rest of the world and

dominate sea routes, as important for them as air routes will be after this war for present-day big powers. Vasco da Gama discovered the sea route to the Indies, the magic land of silk, brocades, gold, pearls, and precious stones. It is said that the Casa da India, in Lisbon, was so prosperous that sometimes it could not pay the merchants, because so much money flowed in that clerks had no time to count it. Meanwhile, Portugal had opened her university to the sages of the world. It was Portugal's golden age.

Brazil probably was discovered because the good old rich gentlemen of Portugal craved hot spices to season their food. The problem was to find a short cut to India, land of spices. On the threshold of the 16th century the King of Portugal sent a fleet to that fabulous country; but, having been led astray by their own fantasy, or treacherous sea currents, the Portuguese discovered, to their surprise, a land not on their maps. The admiral decided to send some of his men ashore. They were met by the natives, copper-colored fellows with high cheekbones, slanting eyes, and impenetrable faces; who received without much fuss the many-colored beads the funny white fellows with long whiskers and queer clothes gave them as a token of friendship. Those sad-faced Indian natives

\*Brazilian Literature. 1945. Macmillan Company, New York City, 11. 184 pp. \$2.

led a very primitive life, like prehistoric men.

The Portuguese planted a big wooden cross near the place where they landed, celebrated Mass, and the fleet's notary sent a letter to his King describing the wonders and natural beauties of the land and the peculiarities of its inhabitants. After that the fleet left the unknown land, India-bound, and the whole crew, from cook to admiral, was convinced that it was just an unimportant island. About a year later, Amerigo Vespucci, an imaginative adventurer, explored the coast of Brazil and found it was not an island but a very big country. All the same, Portugal was not moved by the news. Yes, it might be a big country; but it had no gold, silver, nor spices.

During the following years some foreign pirates disembarked on the Brazilian shores. Willing to hold the new land, gold or no gold, Portugal decided to colonize it, sending to its northern coast ships loaded with government clerks, broken-down noblemen, artisans, priests, and soldiers. Among them there were many rascals, greedy adventurers, and exiled criminals, but no women. What happened next was only too natural. Interbreeding between Portuguese men and Indian women started. The first fire was lit under the Brazilian melting pot. I smile when you North Americans call a people Latin Americans who also have in their veins all kinds of non-Latin blood: Indian, Jewish, Dutch, Moorish, Negro, German.

Brazilian social organization in the

16th century was feudal. The most important figures of Brazilian society were the *senhores de engenho*, the owners of the sugar mills. Many were cruel and selfish. Their sugar-cane plantations prospered and, when Europe started consuming sugar, they had a wonderful market. That meant wealth. But the Indians got lazy and refused to work. I don't blame them. They loved the free loafing life under the sun.

The plantation lords sent for African Negroes, and slavery began in Brazil. I need not recall what it meant in horror and misery. The story of human cruelty is always the same.

The Negroes entered the melting pot, a dark element in an already dusky mixture. The crossing between Portuguese and Negro produced the *mulatto*; that between Indians and Negroes originated the *cafuso*. Scattered all over the seaboard were the *mamelucos*, the result of Portuguese and Indian mixture. The melting pot was boiling and bubbling.

The Portuguese language was enriched with Indian words designating mainly things related to geography, fauna, flora, war and weapons, and with African words concerning kitchen utensils, dishes, and things belonging to the realm of black magic, superstition, and the mysterious religions of Africa. Meanings of many words were changed. There were some mutilations, too, due to the difficulty Negroes and Indians found in reproducing the sounds of the Portuguese language. And laziness was responsible for the

suppression of a great many letters. Another important human element loomed on the horizon of that colonial society: the Jesuits. They came from Spain to catechize the Indians, whose idiom they learned. They were patient, brave, and enduring. Many times the missionaries had to oppose the sugar-mill owners, and to plead the sacred rights of Indians and Negroes.

Brazil's first writer, chronologically, was a little young Spanish Jesuit named José de Anchieta, who was all the time risking his own life among cannibalistic Indian tribes, and who during his leisure wrote poems to the blessed Virgin. Sometimes he wrote the verses with a stick on the white sands of the beach, to memorize them. When he went away the waves washed the words out, and there was the brave unassuming man, in his black tunic, preaching again to the Indians in their own language or teaching them parts in religious plays.

If we are to study the literature of Brazil from then on, we must not forget the following factors: race, environment, and historical time. But there is something more in any country: the individual, and a mysterious and indescribable element for which I find no name. I have discussed the races; now for the environment, i. e., the landscape and climate.

Brazil has three climate zones, the largest, six-tenths torrid. The sub-tropical zone corresponds to three-tenths, the temperate to about one-tenth, of the total area. Brazil has all kinds of landscape: jungles, prairies, rolling

fields, plateaus, deserts, big mountains. And, if we examine the books written nowadays in my country, we notice that each region, just as in the U. S., has a sectional literature that depends somewhat upon its climate, tradition, race, landscape, and even upon its economics.

But what did that mixture of Indian, Portuguese, and Negro blood mean in terms of trends, passions, psychological traits, qualities, and defects? The Portuguese contributed the simplicity of their brave and good souls, their almost mulish pertinacity, and that romantic feeling they express in a word that has no equivalent in other languages: *saudade*. To feel *saudade* is to miss or to long for somebody or something; it is to be homesick, nostalgic. Sometimes Portuguese, as well as Brazilians, feel *saudade* even for a person they have never seen or for a place they have never been. The national Portuguese song, the *fado*, is a sad music with melancholy lyrics. Sorrow is the keynote of Portuguese poetry. As to the Indians, they were sensual and lazy, imaginative and mischievous. The Negroes brought mournful music and rhythm, cosmic joy and terror, and all the ghosts of the African jungle. The Negroes were a great influence in Brazilian colonial society. Some nursed the children of *fidalgos* and landlords. Negro boys served as pages to their masters' sons. They were dark cupids, who ran love errands, and often served as ghost-serenaders, singing passionate songs in the moonlight with velvet voices, under the windows

of white *senhoritas*. The nursemaids told white boys and girls fables of the African forests. The old medieval tales brought by the Portuguese were retold by the Negresses, who lent them a superstitious and African tang.

A study of Brazilian folklore is illuminating. We find in popular poetry two main trends, one melancholy, the other frolicsome. At times they alternate in the same poem, in the same quatrain. The words you find most frequently in Brazilian popular poetry are: *fate, pain, love, sorrow, misfortune, suffering, and tears*. I remember one quatrain that says that chance is like a woman, because when she wants us we don't care; and when we do care she runs away. "The roses," wrote an anonymous poet, "are beautiful even if their thorns hurt us, but the truth is that the roses fall and the thorns remain."

However, sometimes the predominant note in the popular verses of Brazil is gaiety and irreverence. There is a famous quatrain that says that when a man is about to travel he must pray once, when he goes to war, twice, and when he is going to be married, three times.

We find color and poetical beauty in the Indian legends. One is that of the Amazons, the women warriors whose tribes had no men; another, of the Iara, the Indian replica of the mermaid, a beautiful creature, half woman, half fish, with long green hair and whose alluring voice led fishermen astray in the "big river." But the real hero of the Indian fables is the *jaboti*, a small

turtle. He is a quiet and slow-moving fellow with a philosophic mind. He likes to play the flute and has a permanent feud with the jaguar. In the long run the *jaboti* wins, because he is smart, knows how to play ball with the other animals, and how to use time for his own benefit. He is weak, all right; he is a tiny creature, but he manages to defeat the beasts of the jungle because he is sly and never rushes. The moral of the Indian fables is glorification of astuteness and cunning, and not of force, violence, or physical courage. And it is very interesting to observe that even today Brazilian hero worship does not center about the warrior, explorer, or tough fighter, but about the Bohemian, wag and smart fellow.

There is a similar fable of African origin, the story of the jaguar that asked the cat to teach him how to jump. The cat gave him a few lessons. After the last lesson they decided to take a walk, and presently the cat, who was hungry, saw a mouse passing by and pounced on the poor little creature. The jaguar, who was hungry too, took advantage of the situation and jumped on the cat—only to suffer the greatest deception of his life, because the master, with lightning rapidity, jumped backwards, and the jaguar, missing him, fell squarely on the ground. "That is not fair," complained the big animal, "you did not teach me that trick!" The cat smiled quietly and said, "A good teacher never teaches all his tricks, my friend." When the Brazilians talk about the *pulo do gato*, the "cat's jump," they imply the secret

trick, last resource, or final surprise.

Brazilian popular sayings are full of wisdom, cunning, and bitter experience. Not seldom they express mistrust; they all have the realistic and political insight of Professor Cat.

Brazilians nowadays are generally a simple kind of people. Of course they have many defects, but I believe that when all is said and done you will find in them a residue of virtues. They hate war and violence, and they have no color problem. They are hospitable and kindly, even when their passionate nature causes them to seem intolerant or aggressive. (You may perhaps think their very kindness is sometimes rather aggressive.) Brazilians are Bohemian; they care little about growing rich or having colossal buildings, plants, and cities. They love to loaf, and have a wonderful sense of humor. They live more by heart than reason.

Friendship is a magic word. The important thing is not to be rich, commanding, or powerful, but to be *simpático*; that is to say, congenial, pleasant, friendly, easygoing.

Brazil needs to solve her gravest problems: illiteracy, poverty, and bad health among the lower classes. The rest is unimportant. I do not know what is going to happen in the future. But I have great faith in the destiny of my people and country.

It is too soon to judge our present government. We lack perspective in time. But I need no perspective in time nor space to say emphatically that I am all for the democratic regime with free elections, free press, and equal opportunities for everyone: a regime capable of achieving the maximum of social welfare with the maximum of individual freedom.

As to the modern literature of my country, its outstanding note of the last ten years is that writers have ceased to be mere word jugglers, snobbish imitators of European literary fashions, or bloodless, elflike dwellers in the ivory tower; they have stepped down to earth and joined hands with the common man in today's universal crusade for a better world of peace, brotherhood, and freedom.



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# Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Belloc, Hilaire. SONNETS AND VERSE. *New York: Sheed & Ward. 203 pp. \$2.* No other living writer of English verse matches the verve and spine-tingling quality of Belloc. Here is his best.

THE CATHOLIC PERIODICAL INDEX; a *Cumulative Author and Subject Index to a Selected List of Catholic Periodicals, January, 1939-June, 1943. Edited by Laurence A. Leavey. New York: Catholic Library Association (Manhattan College). 1264 pp. Sold on service basis.* A key in one alphabet to 63 leading periodicals. Indispensable in a Catholic high-school or college library and in public libraries with a Catholic reading clientele.

Dunne, Peter Masten, S.J. A PADRE VIEWS SOUTH AMERICA. *Milwaukee: Bruce. 290 pp., ill. \$2.50.* Informal record of a year's stay in South America, by a recognized American historian. Architecture, politics, social attitudes, education; frank commentary on religious conditions.

Gray, James. PINE, STREAM & PRAIRIE; *Wisconsin and Minnesota in Profile. New York: Knopf. 312 pp., ill. \$3.50.* Landscape and people of the Land of Lakes. Work, arts, history and social life of a great Summer playground area.

Maynard, Theodore. TOO SMALL A WORLD; *the Life of Francesca Cabrini. Milwaukee: Bruce. 335 pp. \$2.50.* Italian-born nun who became the first beatified American citizen. Founder of 67 hospitals, schools and orphanages, she was a much traveled and well-liked figure in Europe, the U. S., and Latin America.

Robson, R. W. THE PACIFIC ISLANDS HANDBOOK, 1944; *North American edition. New York: Macmillan. 371 pp., maps. \$4.* History, native races, missions, trade, government, physical characteristics of each island in the Pacific group. The standard reference book, formerly published in Australia.

Roy, Henri, O.M.I. THE JOCIST MOVEMENT. *Manchester, N. H., JOC. 63 pp., paper. \$1.* The Jocist, or Young Catholic Worker movement, founded in Belgium in 1925, has been one of the most vigorous examples of Catholic Action. A description of the social situation which called Jocism into being and its program for a renewal of Christian life.

Sturzo, Luigi. INNER LAWS OF SOCIETY; *a New Sociology. New York: Kennedy. 314 pp. \$3.50.* Analysis of the forms taken by society (family, political, and religious groups), tendencies and ideas which create and give character to them, and the basis of all sociality in individual personality and consciousness.

Thomas Aquinas, St. BASIC WRITINGS OF SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS. *Edited & Annotated, with an Introduction, by Anton C. Pegis. New York: Random House. 2 vols. \$7.50.* Approximately 2300 pages of the most used matter in the *Summa Theologica* and the *Summa Contra Gentiles*. Publishing event that brings St. Thomas in English dress within reach of the individual's library budget. Edition sold out; some copies available at individual book stores.

Wesseling, Theodore, O.S.B. THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE. *New York: Longmans. 96 pp. \$1.75.* Society, made part of Christ and transformed as His mystical Body, must accompany Him in the purifying sacrificial regime of Lent, then accept reconstruction and renewal with Him at Easter in union with His resurrection.